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## REVIEWS

*The Inferno of Dante.* Translated by Ichabod Charles Wright, M.A. London: Longman & Co.

THE business of translation demands, in different cases, a very different order of mind, inasmuch as to transmute the spirit of an author, is a more noble task than to convey his meaning; though with some writers the letter is everything, and the spirit nothing. Homer and Virgil afford instances in point, from the highest class of poets, in their respective styles. The true translator of Homer must be altogether a different intellectual being from the most accomplished translator of the Roman bard; while Horace, whose light, but sweet and tender spirit, seems always impatient of the weight of words, demands a translator whose mind can make its way through the intricacies of poetry, with a clue of phrases, thin and silken as his own. It is the same with the poets of modern times. Redolent of beauty as are Tasso and Ariosto,—pure, acute, and elegant, as the minds must be who can transplant their graces, and give them a new life in a foreign soil, the translator of Dante requires a bolder mental constitution, a stronger vision—a more intense and deeper perception of elemental poetry. We have, accordingly, looked with much interest, not unmixed with wonder, at the work before us; and this feeling was not a little increased by the circumstances under which it appeared. The intellectual habits of the day are not calculated to foster minds either capable of producing, or fitted to enjoy such productions. Dante, of all poets, is the most opposite to the conventional tastes of the nineteenth century. He lived, it is true, in an age of strong excitement, and so do we: he nourished and expressed the bitterest hate that could be generated in the strife of parties, and there is no want of such feeling in this our day: he drew with a broad, strong pencil, gave huge and distinct forms to his groups, and made heaven and hell speak the language of earth; and all this is conformable with the wishes and appetite of our own time;—but the excitement of Dante's age was the fierceness of a giant in his youth; its politics were the direct calculations of power and freedom; its utilitarianism, the abstractions of poets and patriots. When Dante described in colours that flash and glare upon the imagination, and gave a tongue to the darkness of the abyss, he did not sacrifice the mystery to make the truth palpable, for he doubted not the ability of the muse to make visible, things invisible. He spoke, therefore, with the voice of one having authority; and the moral obedience then accorded to the poet, directed him to employ the power of his vast genius on themes which might influence the destinies of his race. But this reverence for the inspirations of poetry no longer exists; and great, consequently, as the appetite may be for whatever rouses and

excites, it is not for what the poet may utter in his enthusiasm;—that which, at one time, would have bowed the hearts of thousands, can now scarcely command the attention of a few solitary readers; because the poet has no longer the office of either a prophet or a teacher.

This was the first thing which made us look with surprise at the new translation of Dante: then came that derived from the nature of the task itself. It should be observed, in estimating the difficulties which a translator of Dante has to encounter, that there is one peculiar in his author—the perfect originality of his poetical diction and phraseology. He lived in the very dawn of Italian poetry, and was himself almost its father. There are, consequently, in his verses, none of the common-place, universal sentences of other writers—none of those phrases which have since become the property of poets in every country, and for which there are well known and acknowledged equivalents in every language. In Dante the metal is sculptured by the poet's own hand, and each line is sharp and distinct. The running into moulds was unknown in his day. It is evident from hence that the translator of Dante has none of those helps which the conventional language of poetry offers to others. He has to grapple with a stern and almost primitive phraseology; to exercise the highest powers he possesses in simple interpretation; and to be forcible by being literally exact.

In the next place, there are difficulties peculiar to the matter of the poem. There is no real or immediate connexion between the different parts of it: they hang together solely by the continuous exercise of an intense creative power, the counterpart of which must be possessed by the translator, or the Divina Commedia will present little more than an unintelligible series of loose exaggerations.

When we look at the versification, another difficulty appears, and one which, on the simplest consideration of the subject, is seen to be of no ordinary kind. Italian verse cannot be translated into English verse, so to speak—that is, be rendered into similar musical cadences: it can only be imitated, and the imitation, as such, must in many cases be a very faint one. So far as versification, therefore, is concerned, the translator is left almost to his own will, having nothing to guide him but the bare form of the metre, or stanza. To this, except in some few instances, English verse can scarcely be made to submit; and he has, consequently, to choose out of the various stanzas and measures of his native language, the one which his ear alone tells him affords the nearest approximation to the mellifluous flow of the Italian. In the case of Dante, this is a most important consideration. His versification is singularly adapted to his style and subject. After centuries of study and experiment, the Tuscan muse still found it the best medium for

the conveyance of her truest and loftiest inspirations. Monti escaped the enervating trammels of his age, immortalized his name, and recalled to memory the brightest period of his art, by imbuing himself with the spirit of Dante, and speaking as Dante spoke. It should not be lost sight of, that the language of the Commedia is essentially dramatic, and the terza rima affords by its construction the utmost facility for dramatic dialogue. Its frequent and complete pauses, together with the provision it makes for recurring to, and keeping up, the sense of successive verses, are its most remarkable properties in this respect; and it is easily seen that a translator must find something to answer them in the structure of his own stanza, or fail in an important part of his object.

These are some of the chief difficulties with which Mr. Wright had to contend, when he boldly undertook to give another version of the 'Inferno.' Of the manner in which he has executed his task, we shall now endeavour to give our readers some idea. A close adherence to the original, we have stated to be the first quality requisite in a translator of Dante; but an adherence to the letter and spirit of the original is not to be accomplished by the substitution of words which answer, but of words which are equivalent, to those of the poet. This the English translator, if he possess the proper qualities of his office, need not fear of accomplishing. His language will, with scarcely any exception, furnish him with equivalents to the Italian; and Mr. Wright merits the no ordinary praise of having availed himself of this noble advantage presented by our native language, the richness, power, and flexibility of which are, on the other hand, proved by the excellence of his translation. We have followed him through several passages line by line, and find him as exact as the most scrupulous admirers of the great Florentine could desire. The following extract will confirm our praise to those who can compare it with the original, while the rest of our readers can scarcely fail of being struck with the fine and earnest spirit of the English. The first passage we select is from the eighth canto, in which the poet describes his passage with Virgil over the infernal lake, and their arrival at the gloomy city of Dis.

Then smite mine ear a loud and shrill lament,  
Whereat I stretch'd mine eye to whence it came.  
"Behold, my son," to me the master cried,  
"We now draw near the city named of Dis,  
"Where crowds of wretched citizens reside."  
"Master," quoth I, "already I discern  
Its bright vermilion mosques in the abyss,  
Which, as in furnace heated, seem to burn."  
"The fire," he said, "that glows eternally  
Within the walls, that ruddy hue supplies,  
Which in the infernal valley thou may'st see."  
Then we arrived within the trench profound  
That compasseth this wretched land of sighs;  
And framed of iron seem'd the walls around.  
A tedious circuit made, at last we came  
Where, "Lo the entrance—quit ye now the boat,"—  
We heard the pilot's thundering voice exclaim.  
More than a thousand on the gates I spied,  
Rain'd down from heaven;—disdainfully they shout:  
"Say who is this, that (death's dread power untried)

Stalks through the dusky regions of the dead?"  
His wish for secret conference to show,  
My sapient guide to them a signal made.  
Their mighty wrath they somewhat then forbore;  
"Come thou alone," they said, "and let him go  
Who so audaciously hath enter'd here;  
Let him retrace his foolish steps again,  
With none to lead him through this darkness land,  
For thou his escort shalt with us remain."  
Think, reader, how disconsolate was I,  
Hearing the malice that their words contain'd:—  
I thought I never should return on high.  
"O thou, dear guide, who safety hast bestowed  
Sev'n times at least, and borne me scathless through,  
When direst peril hath beset my road—  
O leave me not," I said, "in this dismay;  
And if such dreaded obstacles ensue,  
Together let us speed our backward way."  
Then answer'd he—my kind and faithful guide:  
"Fear not, for none a passage can deny.  
By One so potent is our strength supplied:  
Wait my return, and feed thy heavy spirit  
With goodly hope;—for be assured that I  
Will ne'er desert thee in these realms of night."  
He thus departs.—Abandon'd by my friend,  
Alone I stand in sorrowful suspense,  
While no and yes within my heart contend:  
Nor could I ought distinguish what he said;  
But scarce had he begun a conference,  
When back within the walls they quickly sped.  
Against my master's breast our enemy  
The portals closed:—shut out—he came away,  
With tardy footsteps turning back to me.  
Downward his eyes were bent, and from his brow  
All boldness ebb'd; in sighs he seem'd to say,  
"Who hath denied me these abodes of woe?"  
He then address'd me: "Be not thou afraid  
At this my wrath; our way shall still be won,  
Whate'er resistance may within be made:  
Not we the first their insolence to prove!  
For erst at a less secret gate 'twas shown,  
Which, now unbar'd, thou hast beheld above:  
Its deadly wounds engraved thou didst descry.  
Already passing through the circles vast,  
One cometh unscathed from on high,  
By whose assistance shall the gate be past."

This is full of the strength proper to a translation.

*I vidi più di mille in su le porte  
Da Ciel piovuti, che stizzosamente  
Dicean.*  
More than a thousand on the gates I spied  
Rained down from heaven: disdainfully they shout.  
is the concise and almost literal version of  
this striking picture. The commencement  
of the eighteenth canto is the next we select.

*Luogo è in Inferno detto Malebolge  
Tutto di pietra e di color ferrigno, &c.*  
There is in hell a place, stone-built throughout,  
Call'd Malebolge—of an iron hue.  
Like to the wall that circles it about.  
Full in the middle of this baleful land  
Yawns the deep gulf, of ample size to view,  
Whose form in proper place shall be explained.  
The circling boundary that remains beside,  
'Twixt the rock's basis and the gulf profound,  
Ten bastions to its lowest depth divide.  
As is the form presented to the eye.  
By fortresses, whose massive walls around  
Run numerous trenches for security:  
Such was the semblance which these dikes displayed:  
And from the threshold of such castles strong,  
As bridges to the outer bank are laid;  
So from the basis of the rock extend  
Bridges, across the moles and valleys flung,  
Far as the ample gulf in which they end.  
Here was it, that, released from Geryon's back,  
We found ourselves! and then the poet drew  
On tower'd the left, and I pursued his track.  
Upon the right new tortures I beheld,  
New pains, and ministers of vengeance new,  
With which the first recess throughout was fill'd.  
Down in the gulf were naked souls desir'd;  
Some from the middle were advancing—some  
Were journeying with us, but with greater stride.  
So o'er the bridge, the concourse to convey,  
Which flocks, the year of Jubilee, to Rome,  
Means are devised to form a double way,—  
That on the one side, all preserve in front  
The castle, to St. Peter's as they throng,—  
All on the other, journey to the Mount.  
Now here, now there, upon the ramparts high  
Horn'd fiends with rods enormous ran along,  
Smiting the sinners' backs most cruelly.

A severe critic might find fault with the last line of this passage, where the force is thrown upon the adverb *crudelmente*, which was intended by the poet to point particularly to the fiends urging and pressing on them from behind. That most beautiful of the Dantesque comparisons in the twenty-fourth canto, beginning

*In quella parte del giovenetto anno,  
Che 'l Sole i crin sotto l'Aquario tempra, &c.*  
is thus rendered:—

In the new year, when Sol his tresses gay  
Dips in Aquarius, and the tardy night  
Divides her empire with the lengthening day,—  
When o'er the earth the hoar frost pure and bright  
Assumes the image of her sister white,  
Then quickly melts before the genial light—  
The rustic, now exhausted his supply,  
Rises betimes—looks out—and sees the land  
All white around, whereat he strikes his thigh—  
Turns back—and grieving—wanders here and there,  
Like one disconsolate and at a stand;  
Then issues forth, forgetting his despair,  
For lo! the face of nature he beholds  
Changed on a sudden,—takes his crook again,  
And drives his flocks to pasture from the folds.

Equally great is the excellence of the following passage, from the twenty-sixth canto; it describes what the poet saw when looking from the arch overhanging the eighth circle.

*Noi ci partimmo, e su per lo scaleo,  
Che n'avean fatte i borni a scender pria; &c.*  
Departing, we ascend a staircase rude,  
Carved in the rock down which we lately went:  
My guide preceded—I his steps pursued.  
Wending our way, thus desolate and lone,  
Mid rugged crags and dire impediment,  
We grasp'd with feet and hands the jutting stone.  
Then did I grieve, and now I grieve again,  
When I consider what there met mine eyes;  
And, more than I can want, my mind restrain,  
Lest, uncontrol'd by virtue, it be driven;  
And I abuse those better qualities,  
Or favouring star, or higher power hath given.  
What time the sun least hides his glorious face,  
And with his lustre gilds the glowing sky,  
When to the goat the buzzing fly gives place;—  
As many fire-flies as the rustic sees  
Dewn in the vale, where field and vineyard lie,  
Whilst on the hill his limbs recline at ease;  
With flames so numerous shone, all gleaming bright,  
The eighth abyss, as I discern'd, when near  
We drew, and of the bottom gain'd a sight.  
As he, whose wrongs did savage bears resent,  
Beheld from lyth depart Elijah's car,  
By fiery steeds borne up heaven's steep ascent,—  
And as its course he follow'd with his eye,  
Nought could perceive except the flame alone,  
Ascending like a little cloud on high;—  
So moved each flame at the entrance of the cave;  
And none its prey disclosed;—yet every one  
A furtive shelter to some sinner gave.

We had marked several other passages for extract, especially the effective version of Count Ugolino's history in the thirty-third canto: but the above are sufficient to show that Mr. Wright has not only adhered closely to his original, but has preserved its grandeur and force. His verse is not less deserving of praise: we here and there meet with a few feeble lines; and he sometimes is on the point of sinking into a loose and prosaic style; but this results almost necessarily from the great freedom he has indulged in, and to which we are indebted for the most valuable property of his version,—its combined variety and strength.

While giving this well-merited praise to Mr. Wright, we have not forgotten the admirable translation of Dante, which has long taken its place among the most valued ornaments of our poetical literature. Mr. Cary's version has merits peculiar to itself, and it would not be less weak than ungrateful, to sacrifice one atom of our respect for that which is intrinsically excellent, because the same spirit of truth and beauty has manifested itself through another channel.

*Indian Biography; or, an Historical Account of those Individuals who have been distinguished among the North American Natives as Orators, Warriors, Statesmen, and other Remarkable Characters.* By B. B. Thatcher, Esq. 2 vols. New York: Harper; London, Rich.

WHEN Benjamin West compared the Apollo Belvedere to a young American Savage,

he desired but to intimate an outward resemblance—a kindred harmony of proportion and natural elegance of air. Authors, and good ones—for Campbell and Cooper are amongst them,—have carried the matter farther: they have perceived a loftiness of mind, and a heroic ardour and even delicacy of sentiment, in the untaught inhabitant of the great western deserts. We are afraid that the visions of painters and poets have in this particular misled the world; they mistook miraculous occurrences for common and every-day events, and attributed to all the savage tribes that settled dignity of soul and heroic beauty of form, which come but twice or thrice in a century. When one of our early English voyagers touched on the great mainland, he described the savages as "strangely paynted, grimm'd, and disguis'd; shouting, yelling, and crying as so many spirits of hell could not have showed more terrible." As they were then, so do they continue. They have had large intercourse with the most powerful and ingenious nations of the earth, yet they have acquired no knowledge save of that which is evil, and they remain unsocial, uncivilized, and savage, to the reproach of human nature. Some twenty years' intercourse with the Romans, gave the barbarians of Britain many arts and much wisdom: but the Indians of North America have, we fear, intellects of a different calibre; they shrink from knowledge, and look upon civilization as an invader, before whose arms they retire to the deserts, and live as wild as the lynx or the beaver.

This view of the Indian character is, in a great degree, borne out by the volumes before us: we have not lately seen a work so full of what all desire to know, and which those who read can never forget. The author, anxious to preserve from oblivion the memories of many wise, brave, and eloquent princes of the native tribes, collected from tale, tradition, and history, materials out of which he has composed a series of memoirs, forming a sort of Indian Plutarch, from the days of Powhatan to the death of Tecumseh. This was a difficult task, and it has been done with care and skill: the narratives are plain and unaffected; the characters cleverly delineated, and the style often easy, concise, and clear. Had it been otherwise, the subject matter alone would have rendered the work valuable. The history of the Indian Tribes of North America, is familiar to all: not so, that of the individual heroes and heroines: we shall therefore proceed to place before our readers a few pictures of men and women distinguished for many virtues; the first we shall select, is that of the Virginian Princess

#### POCAHONTAS.

Over the western door of the Rotunda at Washington, a group is sculptured, representing a British officer reclining on the ground, and about to receive the death stroke from a savage warrior, while an Indian woman of great beauty interposes and saves him. The former is Captain John Smith, who visited Virginia in 1608, when he was taken prisoner, and the latter Pocahontas, the daughter of Prince Powhatan—the marble embodies a story which is not without interest:—

"Soon after Smith's entrance, a female of rank, said to be the Queen of Appamattuck, was directed to bring him water to wash his hands; and another brought a bunch of feathers,

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to answer the purpose of a towel. Having then feasted him (as he acknowledges) in the best barbarous manner they could, a long and solemn consultation was held to determine his fate. The decision was against him. The conclave resumed their silent gravity; two great stones were brought in before Powhatan; and Smith was dragged before them, and his head laid upon them, as a preparation for beating out his brains with clubs. The fatal weapons were already raised, and the savage multitude stood silently awaiting the prisoner's last moment. But Smith was not destined thus to perish. Pocahontas, the beloved daughter of Powhatan, rushed forward, and earnestly entreated with tears that the victim might yet be spared. The royal savage rejected her request, and the executioners stood ready for the signal of death. She knelt down, put her arms about Smith, and laid her head over his, declaring she would perish with him or save him. The heart of the stern Sachem was at length melted. The decree was reversed; and the prisoner was spared for the purpose—as the Emperor explained it—of making hatchets for himself, and bells and beads for his daughter."

Pocahontas was very young and very beautiful, and seemed not insensible of the merits of the man whom she saved. Smith returned home—other adventurers availed themselves of his discoveries; but they wanted his good sense and prudence, and by quarrelling with the natives, made the infant colony a scene of outrage and bloodshed. Peace was at last established by the capture of Pocahontas, to the surprise and sorrow of all her tribe. She was detained by the settlers as a hostage. What followed shall be told by Mr. Thatcher:

"One of the two messengers last named was John Rolfe, styled by an old historian, 'an honest gentleman and of good behaviour,' but more especially known by the event which we have now to notice—his marriage with Pocahontas—between whom and himself there had been an ardent attachment for some time. The idea of this connexion pleased Powhatan so much, that within ten days after Rolfe's visit, he sent in one of his near relatives named Opa-chiko, together with two of his sons, to see (as says the authority just cited) the manner of the marriage; and to do in that behalf what they were requested for the confirmation thereof, as his deputies. The ceremony took place about the first of April; and from that time until the death of the Emperor, which happened in 1618, the most friendly relations were uniformly preserved with himself and with his subjects."

This alliance was much to the satisfaction of her father as well as of the settlers. Pocahontas made an excellent wife; she acquired very soon a knowledge of the language of her husband, and the manners of his nation, and, becoming a mother and a Christian, was called by her new relatives the Lady Rebecca. In 1616 she accompanied her husband to England: something of her history may be gathered from the singular memorial which Smith, who was then in England, presented on that occasion to the Queen:—

"That some ten yeeres agoe, being in Virginia, and taken prisoner by the power of Powhatan their chiefe King, I received from this great Salvage exceeding great courtesie, especially from his sonne Nantaguans, the most manliest, comeliest, boldest spirit I euer saw in a salvage; and his sister Pocahontas, the King's most deare and well-beloued daughter, being but a childe of twelue or thirteene yeeres of age, whose compassionate pitifull heart, of desperate estate, gaue mee much cause to respect her; I being the first christian this proud King and his grim attendants euer saw; and thus intrahled in

their barbarous power, I cannot say I felt the least occasion of want that was in the power of those my mortall foes to preuent, notwithstanding al their threats.

"After some sixe weekes fating among these Salvage Courtiers, at the minute of my execution, she hazarded the beating out of her owne braines to saue mine, but not onely that, but so preuailed with her father, that I was safely conducted to Iames-towne, where I found about eight and thirte miserable poore and sicke creatures, to keepe possession of al those large territories of Virginia; such was the weaknesse of this poore commonwealth, as had the salvages not fed us, we directly had starued.

"And this reliefe, most Gracious Queene, was commonly brought vs by this Lady Pocahontas. Notwithstanding al these passages, when inconstant fortune, turned our peace to warre, this tender Virgin would still not spare to dare to visit vs, and by her our iarrs haue been oft appeased, and our wants still supplied. Were it the policie of her father thus to employ her, or the ordinance of God thus to make her his instrument, or her extraordinarie affection to our nation, I know not. But of this I am sure; when her father, with the utmost of his policie and power, sought to surprise mee, hauing but eightene with mee, the darke night could not affright her from coming through the irkesome woods, and with watered eies gaue me intelligence, with her best aduice, to escape his furie; which had hee knowne, he had surely slaine her.

"Iames-towne, with her wild traine, she as freely frequented as her father's habitation; and during the time of two or three yeeres, she next under God, was still the instrument to preserve this colonie from death, famine and utter confusion, which if in those times had once been disolued, Virginia might haue line as it was at our first arrivall to this day.

"Since then, this businesse hauing beene turned and varied by many accidents from that I left it at, it is most certaine, after a long and troublesome warre, after my departure, betwixt her father and our colonie, at which time shee was not heard off, about two yeeres after shee her selfe was taken prisoner. Being so detained neere two yeeres longer, the colonie by that means was relieued, peace concluded, and at last reiecting her barbarous condition, shee was married to an English gentleman, with whom at this present shee is in England; the first Christian euer of that nation, the first Virginian euer spake English, or had a childe in marriage by an Englishman. A matter surely, if my meaning bee truly considered and well vnderstood, worthy a Prince's vnderstanding."

Before Pocahontas married Rolfe, she was informed that Smith, whom she saved, was dead. When, some time after, in England, she was introduced to him, she was deeply affected; she saluted him modestly; and then turning away from him, covered her face:—

"Undoubtedly she was deeply affected with a multitude of conflicting emotions, not the least of which was a just indignation on account of the imposition which the English had practised upon her. For two or three hours she was left to her own meditations. At the end of that time, after much entreaty, she was prevailed upon to converse; and this point once gained, the politeness and kindness of her visitant and her own sweetness of disposition, soon renewed her usual vivacity.

"In the course of her remarks she called Smith her Father. That appellation, as bestowed by a King's daughter, was too much for the captain's modesty, and he informed her to that effect. But she could not understand his reasoning upon that subject. 'Ah!' she said —after recounting some of the ancient court-

sies which had passed between them—"you did promise Powhatan that what was yours should be his, and hee the like to you. You called him Father, being in his land a stranger; and by the same reason so must I doe you." Smith still expressed himself unworthy of that distinction, and she went on. "Were you not afraid to come into my father's country, and caused fear in him and all his people—but mee—and fear you I should here call you father? I tell you then I will; and you must call me childe, and then I will bee foreuer and euer your country-woman." She assured Smith, that she had been made to believe he was dead, and that Powhatan himself had shared in that delusion. To ascertain the fact, however, to a certainty, that crafty barbarian had directed an Indian, who attended her to England, to make special inquiries. This was Tomocomo, one of the Emperor's chief counsellors, and the husband of his daughter Matchanna—perhaps the same who had been demanded in marriage by Sir Thomas Dale, in 1614."

She survived this interview but a short time: she died at Gravesend when about to embark for Virginia—some of the first families of the United States are her descendants—the Randolphs among others. Powhatan, the father of this gentle savage, had talents of a high order; he was endowed with wisdom as well as courage: her uncle was of a sterner nature: he perceived the ambitious and encroaching spirit of the English, and assembling the Virginian tribes, formed that formidable alliance against them, which well nigh crushed their infant settlement—he had all the requisites of a great leader, a daring and inventive spirit, united with prudence, fortitude, and courage—the scattered remnant of the tribes still remember the actions and name of

#### PRINCE OPECHANCANOUGH.

On the death of Powhatan, his brother succeeded to his power, and began to form a combination of the tribes against the invaders of his country: this he did with equal secrecy and skill:—

"Opechancanough had completed every preparation which the nature of things permitted on his part; and nothing remained, but to strike the great blow which he intended should utterly extinguish the English settlements for ever. The twenty-second day of March, 1622—an era but too memorable in Virginian history—was selected for the time; and a certain hour agreed upon, to ensure a simultaneous assault in every direction. The various tribes engaged in the conspiracy were drawn together, and stationed in the vicinity of the several places of massacre, with a celerity and precision unparalleled in the annals of the continent. Although some of the detachments had to march from great distances, and through a continued forest, guided only by the stars and moon, no single instance of disorder or mistake is known to have happened. One by one, they followed each other in profound silence, treading as nearly as possible in each other's steps, and adjusting the long grass and branches which they displaced. They halted at short distances from the settlements, and waited in death-like stillness for the signal of attack."

This first Indian war deluged the colony with blood: but barbarian bravery could ill contend with disciplined courage: the attack succeeded in one place, and was repelled in another:—

"From the time of the massacre, Opechancanough seems no longer to have taken the least trouble to conceal his hostility. He returned a haughty answer to the first demand made upon



him for the redemption of the English captives; and trampled under foot the picture of the English monarch, which was sent to him as a compliment. Late in 1622, when Captain Croshaw was trading on the Potomac, with the only tribe which was now willing to carry on commerce, he had scarcely landed from his vessel, when a messenger arrived from Opechancanough to Japazaws, (king of the Patowomekes,) bearing two baskets of beads as a royal present, and soliciting the King to murder his new visitants on the spot. He was assured, that whether he did his part or not, before the end of two moons, there should not be an Englishman left in the whole country. Japazaws first disclosed the message to his guest; and then, after thinking and talking of it two days, made answer that the English were his friends, and Opitchipan (the Powhatan Emperor) his brother; and therefore there should be no more blood shed between them by his means. The beads were returned by the messenger."

The last act of his life, was to make an effort for the freedom of his tribe; and, old as he was, had all his confederates fought with equal resolution and prudence, the colony of Virginia would have been but a name: he failed and fled:—

"Opechancanough, whose last scene now rapidly approaches, had become so decrepit by age, as to be unable to walk, though his spirit, rising above the ruins of his body, directed, from the litter upon which his Indians carried him, the onset and retreat of his warriors. The wreck of his constitution was at length completed by the extreme fatigues encountered in this difficult and laborious service. His flesh became macerated; his sinews lost their elasticity; and his eyelids were so heavy that he could not see, unless they were lifted up by his faithful attendants. In this forlorn condition he was closely pursued by Berkeley with a squadron of horse, and at length surprised and taken. He entered James-town, for the first time in his life, as the most conspicuous figure in the conqueror's triumph."

"To the honour of the English, they treated their distinguished captive with the tenderness which his infirmities demanded, and the respect which his appearance and talents inspired. They saw the object of their terror bending under the load of years, and shattered by the hardships of war; and they generously resolved to bury the remembrance of their injuries in his present melancholy reverse of fortune. His own deportment was suitable to his former glory, and to the principles of an Indian hero. He disdained to utter complaint or to manifest uneasiness. He believed that tortures were preparing for him; but instead of any consequent reduction in his haughtiness, his language and demeanor bespoke the most absolute defiance and contempt."

We must now pass from the Virginian dynasty of heroes and heroines, to those of New England. Here the same tale of aggression and resistance may be repeated, but there is no gentle Pocahontas to soften the ferocity of war. If it had been predestined that the English invaders were to suffer a repulse and defeat in the northern part of the new world, no doubt the successful leader would have been

#### PHILIP.

This New England hero, was the son of Massasoit, a prince of talents and activity, who ruled when the English settled on his coast: vale after vale, and hill after hill, and river after river, were seized upon or obtained by the settlers: the patrimony of the Prince was at last invaded, and the patience and

mildness of Philip was at an end; he assembled his people:—

"The council took place agreeably to these arrangements, in the old meeting-house of Taunton. The English stood upon one side, solemn and stern in countenance, as they were formal in garb; and opposite to them, a line of Indian warriors, armed and arrayed for battle, their long black hair hanging about their necks, and their eyes gleaming covertly with a flame of suspicion and defiance, scarcely to be suppressed. Philip alone was their orator. He denied that he entertained any hostile design; and promptly explained his preparations for war, as intended for defence against the Narragansetts."

The story of his resistance is soon told; he fought with great bravery; but his savage warriors were scattered like chaff, by the disciplined militia of a colony now rich and vigorous: he fell with dignity:—

"His situation during the last few months of the war, was so deplorable, and yet his exertions so well sustained, that we can only look upon him with pity and admiration. His successes for some time past had been tremendous; but the tide began to ebb. The whole power of the Colonies was in the field, aided by guides and scouting-parties of his own race. The Saconets, the subjects of a near relation of his own, enlisted under Church. Other tribes complained and threatened. Their territory, as well as his, had been over-run, their settlements destroyed, and their planting and fishing-grounds all occupied by the English. Those of them who were not yet hunted down, were day and night followed into swamps and forests, and reduced to live,—if they did not actually starve or freeze,—upon the least and worst food to be conceived of. Hundreds died of diseases incurred in this manner. 'I have eaten horse,' said one of these miserable wretches, 'but now horse is eating me.' Another informed Church, on one occasion, that about three hundred Indians had gone a long way to Swanzy, in the heat of the war, for the purpose of eating clams, and that Philip was soon to follow them. At another time, the valiant captain himself captured a large party. Finding it convenient to attack a second directly after, he bade the first wait for him, and join him at a certain rendezvous. The day after the skirmish, 'they came to him as they were ordered,' and he drove them altogether, that very night, into Bridgewater pond, and set his Saconet soldiers to guard them. 'Being well treated with victuals and drink,' he adds, with great simplicity, 'they had a merry night, and the prisoners laughed as loud as the soldiers; not being so treated for a long time before.'"

All his chiefs had died in battle or were in captivity: his brother fell fighting at his side; his uncle also perished in the field; he was hunted from place to place by the English, and at last he received a not unwelcome bullet through his heart, by the hands of a hostile savage: unfortunately, he was not the last of his race:—

"Last and worst of all, his only son, a boy of nine years of age, whom we have already noticed as among the English captives, was sold as a slave and shipped to Bermuda. It should be stated, however, that this unfortunate measure was not taken without some scruples. The Plymouth Court were so much perplexed upon the occasion, as to conclude upon applying to the clergymen of the Colony for advice. Mr. Cotton was of opinion that 'the children of notorious traitors, rebels, and murderers, especially such as have been principal leaders and actors in such horrid villainies, might be involved in the guilt of their parents, and might, *salva republica*, be adjudged to death.' Dr. Increase Mather compared the

child to Hadad, whose father was killed by Joab; and he intimates, that if Hadad himself had not escaped, David would have taken measures to prevent his molesting the next generation. It is gratifying to know, that the course he recommended was postponed, even to the ignominious and mortifying one we have mentioned."

We cannot at present go farther into this singular and very interesting biography: the characters of many heroes remain to be discussed, and amongst others, that of the renowned Tecumseh, who fell in the late unhappy contest between the United States and the Canadas. We shall next week exhibit some more of the fine portraits contained in this Indian Gallery.

*The New Road to Ruin: a Novel.* By Lady Stepney. 3 vols. London: Bentley.

THERE are natural characters, amusing conversations, and some dramatic sprightliness, in these volumes; but the narrative which they illustrate is not a little abrupt and perplexed. The authoress supposes, that, as the story was quite plain and familiar to her own fancy, it could not be otherwise to her readers; and without considering that the world is rather blunt and dull, she indulged herself in abundance of abrupt transitions, and in many ingenious meanderings amid matters of collateral interest, to the confusion of all those who desire to see a story evolved in a clear and simple manner. But though it is her ladyship's pleasure to dance about like a mental will-o'-wisp, we cannot help feeling that she has power in conceiving characters, and skill in sketching them. We shall make no further attempt to delineate the story contained in these pages, than by saying it is one of high life; of mingled weakness and strength, honesty and villany, love and hatred, with no disagreeable infusion of the romantic. Broad lands, men's lives and ladies' hearts are in frequent danger; but at last folly fails, villany is baffled, and worth and virtue triumph. There is some of the merit to which we have alluded in the following description of the visit which Mr. Morgan, a plain country-bred man,—pays to one of the heroes of the tale, the Earl of Darmaya:—

"Morgan now re-examined the gold and damask furniture, and was gazing, in a mood of early pleasurable recollection, on a likeness of Lord Darmaya when young, when the folding-doors were thrown open, and he was ushered through another suite of apartments, at the extremity of which he beheld Lord Darmaya, surrounded by an assemblage of persons all standing like mutes. Lord Darmaya was dictating a letter, which his secretary was writing. He put out his hand to Morgan, who shook it heartily, with 'How-d'ye-do, dear Ned? this is indeed a joy to meet again, after thirty years now, come Christmas!'

"Lord Darmaya looked round, to see who had heard this familiar greeting; and coldly said, 'My good Morgan, sit down, I will speak to you presently.'

"Morgan fell almost into an eider-down chair, and in this position had time to admire the magnificent display of gold-bound books, the tables loaded with vases as tall as himself, and pins and brooches, with apparatus like a jeweller's show-room. The letter being finished, Lord Darmaya looked at a man holding a *porte-feuille* under his arm, who came forward, bowing to the carpet. 'Show me the plan for the *chapelle ornée*.' I hope it is not like anything ever erected before."

"No, my lord, never, unique quite."

"Have you been to Paris, as you said?"

"Yes, my lord, to get models of the casts which you desired."

"How does my friend Napoleon? Does he wear as well as his contemporaries?" (looking in a mirror.)

"No, my lord, he does not look like your Lordship; quite a different thing, I can assure you."

"Poor man! I thought so. But here is a rough sketch of my own, for the alcove."

"Beautiful, my lord! It is worth going to Rome for ornaments, to put at the top of such a building as this."

"Could Napoleon have designed as good a plan, do you think?"

"Oh no, my lord; I would wager my existence he would not have had the patience you have."

"Well, Bouverie, you may go now, and begin the building."

"The man bowed again to the carpet, and turning round, saw Morgan's surprised face. He gave him a sly look, *en riant*, and left the room."

"A woman then came forward, pale and sickly: she had been standing two hours. 'Well, my good woman, what is your business?' She whispered something. 'Oh, the place—yes, I did partly promise—true; but it is given away, I could not reserve it, they would have it so.'"

"My son."

"Oh yes, your son is in prison, I think you said."

"For his father's debts," she replied.

"Well, it was foolish in him to get his head and shoulders into that scrape!"

"The poor woman began to cry, and Morgan had got his hand on his purse, when Lord Darmaya exclaimed pettishly, 'Well, come again to-morrow, and something shall be settled.'"

"She crept along to the door, but not before Morgan had asked her where she lived, and written on his tablet the exact address. Lord Darmaya's back was still towards him, so that Morgan's attention to the poor woman escaped his observation. The words 'excessively irregular,' in a loud tone, followed some other application, when, turning to another person who was sinking under the weight of parcels and boxes, Lord Darmaya said, 'Now I am at leisure for you, but first of all, I must speak to my friend here,' and seating himself down by Morgan, began making inquiries relative to his journey from India, not much as if he cared about the matter; but Morgan thought he did, till he suddenly arose, in the middle of a pathetic tale of his wife's illness and death."

"Morgan's pride was wounded, and he gravely said, 'I expected to have found my old friend Ned Mervin not a cold haughty Lord Darmaya, casting one off like a vampire!'"

The character of the kind and benevolent Madame de Norman is well sustained; and the same may be said of the Earl of Darmaya and his daughter—both vain, weak, and selfish. There are several chapters descriptive of a scuffle with smugglers—the consequent burning of a castle—the wounding of the young Duke of Lorevaine, and his cure by the double application of leeches and love. We must make room for a part of it. The wounded youth is supposed to be lying insensible and watched by Ellen, the grand-daughter of the Earl of Darmaya:

"Ellen tended the sufferer with persevering zeal, and the least movement indicating pain, brought some attempt at instant relief. Many a time when the nurse was asleep had she knelt down, and resting her head on the corner of the couch, prayed in the fullness of hope for Arthur's recovery, and for a blessing on them all. Her

spontaneous aspirations were poured forth in words of humility; she knew that every affliction was for some unknown good, and that, however painful mental and bodily suffering might be, it was for a higher purpose than our feeble comprehension could define: still the big tear would swell, and the groan of suffering agony saddened and distanced her hope. She would often then repine in despondent forgetfulness of her trust, and pity the hard fate of the poor sufferer."

"One night it so occurred, that she was left with only the nurse. Francisco, who usually sat by the door, was ill; the nurse was fast asleep by the fire. Lorevaine appeared to be more uneasy and restless than usual; the liquid was not swallowed, but pushed from the lip with a convulsive motion. 'He will surely die!' thought Ellen; and she listened to the quick respiration with increased alarm. All was still, and the chamber was in rayless darkness. Wrapping the curtain drapery round her trembling form, not daring to breathe the import of her fears, she sunk gently down on her knees by Lorevaine's side. His hand was extended as if lifeless, on the edge of the couch. Ellen involuntarily pressed it in her own, as she uttered a soft and energetic intercession for his recovery."

"As she arose from her position, the lamp caught in the drapery, and the silk shade dropped off. The beams from the light rested on the most beautiful contour of countenance that Ellen had ever beheld; where elegance of mind seemed to harmonize with the best qualities of man. The usually brilliant and expressive eye was languid—the accustomed animation was gone—the wavy black hair, so fine and glossy, was in wild disorder, and the polished ivory teeth but half concealed by the parched contracted lip."

"For an instant Ellen gazed in astonishment. What an empire of sense and manliness lay there! His hand had fallen on the quilt again: but she fancied it had returned the gentle pressure of her own, and she could half fancy too there had been an effort made to articulate, as Lorevaine evidently saw her. But the glare of light seemed to increase the torture; he closed his eyes: Ellen put on the green shade, and removed it hastily from the couch. She wetted the sponge in the medicine, and applied it to Lorevaine's mouth. Conscious life reverberated at the touch, and he accepted the potion readily; but the same melancholy forebodings rested on Ellen's nerves. She wept bitterly, and believed, as the morning dawned, that Lorevaine's mortal career rapidly approached its termination."

The materials of a fine novel are contained in these volumes; and we cannot help expressing our surprise that Lady Stepney did not arrange them with a little more skill. There is surely no great difficulty in telling a plain simple story: we hear it done almost every day in conversation. Obscurity is a serious obstacle in the way of fame: the best drawn characters fail to interest us, when we know not what they are about, or for what purpose they make their appearance.

#### History of the Early Kings of Persia.

Translated from the Original Persian of Mirkhond, by David Shea, of the Oriental Department in the E. I. Company's College. Printed for the Oriental Translation Fund.

EIGHT years have scarcely elapsed since that excellent scholar and diligent labourer in the field of Oriental literature, Mr. G. C. Haughton, found it necessary, in the preface to his Bengali Glossary, to apologise for the study of Asiatic learning, and to assure his countrymen that the writers of the East are not wholly contemptible. But during that in-

terval a change has come over the public mind: a few specimens of the literary treasures contained in the Arabic, the Persian, and the Sanscrit languages, sufficed to silence those by whom they were ignorantly calumniated, and at the same time to excite among the learned an ardent desire for a further acquaintance with such rich stores of profit and delight. In compliance with the general wish, not the less deeply felt because it was not loudly expressed, the Oriental Translation Fund was formed: under its patronage a series of very valuable—we had almost said invaluable—works has appeared, throwing new light on the history, the geography, the religion, and the principles of action, of the most important Asiatic nations. We fear that the Fund has not met with the support it merits; but this must be attributed to its managers rather than to the public. They have relied on influential individuals, more than on the people; they have hidden their books in their warehouses, or at best have only laboured to place them on the shelves of their subscribers. This is not fair, either to themselves or the public; the object of the Oriental Translation Fund is national, and should be supported by the whole nation: the neglect of Oriental literature, spite of our empire in India, and commercial intercourse with the great nations of Asia, has been made the subject of countless reproaches and invectives against the English people by continental writers: we therefore claim for our countrymen an opportunity of vindicating themselves. If the managers of the Fund are not acquainted with the means by which books are ordinarily made known, let them forthwith ask their publishers, and not again risk consigning "to cold obstruction" a work so valuable as that before us.

Before we begin to speak of the original, we must say a few words of the translation: it is a complete cast, an accurate copy, presenting every feature as perfect as the difference of materials would admit. To the Persian student it must therefore afford great facilities for the study of that graceful language; but it is not on that account the less valuable to the merely English reader. Though the turn of some phrases has a foreign appearance, the general style is so pure and unaffected, that it almost deserves to rank among the classics of our language. The few notes that have been added are so very important, that we regret Mr. Shea did not increase their number, especially on that part of his history where the statements of Mirkhond are at variance with those of the Greek historians. We trust that when the Society publishes, as we have reason to hope it will, that extraordinary work, the Dabistan, the editor will be permitted to give us a larger allowance of elucidatory matter.

Under ordinary circumstances, we should here conclude our review; but when such a novel and interesting work as an original History of Persia is before us, our readers may justly expect some more definite account of its value and importance,—the more especially, as the history of Persia, at two different periods, is blended with the history of our religious faith. The remarkable change in Judaism after the Babylonish captivity; the introduction of the immortality of the soul as a prominent article in the Jewish creed, dates from the reign of Cyrus; and from him also emanated the decree that re-

stored to a national existence the Jewish people. The second period is that in which the progress of Christianity eastwards received a sudden check by the revival of the Magian religion and the elevation of the Sassanides to the throne of Persia. The consequences of this moral revolution were greater than is usually supposed; and traces of contact with the religion of Zoroaster may still be found in the creeds of the Jews and the Mohammedans, and in many Christian heresies. To the first of these periods only will our attention be directed at present; but we shall at no distant period take an opportunity of investigating the era of the Sassanides.

Mirkhond's History is founded on the old poetic legends of Persia: he professes to have derived a great part of it from the *Sháh Náme* of Firdausi; but this poem is itself an aggregate of ancient legends—just such a work as all our Saxon ballads collected into a historical epic by Pope or Dryden would form. The certainty of any event recorded in such a composition must manifestly be very problematical; but Mirkhond's statements are subjected to still greater drawbacks, because the legends must have descended to him in a mutilated and garbled state, and many of them in a dialect that had long been obsolete. There is reason to believe that the Zend dialect was the prevalent language of Persia before the invasion of Alexander; under the Parthian dynasty it was essentially changed; and when the Sassanides obtained the crown, it was superseded by the Pehlevi. The conquest of Persia by the Mohammedans produced another revolution of language, and gave to the country an Aramaic form of tongue, while both the Zend and the Pehlevi seem to have been very similar to the Sanscrit. The legends then given to us by Firdausi and Mirkhond have survived three revolutions of language; at least three changes of dynasty, with the attendant wars and devastations, and two periods of perfect anarchy; to say nothing of the fanaticism which characterized the first propagators of Islamism. If to these circumstances we add, the utter disregard of chronology shown by Oriental writers, the loose and careless way in which geographical matters are treated, and the general tendency of ballad-writers to flatter national vanity, we shall have to make a very liberal allowance of probabilities against the authority of the Persian historian. The accounts with which we are able to compare them are the incidental notices in the Old Testament and the statements of Grecian writers. The Jews give us very few particulars respecting the state of Persia, except in the books of Daniel and Esther—and even in these the stock of information is but scanty; the Greek accounts are far more extensive, but unfortunately their accuracy is more than suspected.

At first view the statements of Mirkhond and Herodotus seem hopelessly irreconcilable. Sir John Richardson says, "There is nearly as much resemblance between the annals of England and Japan, as between the European and Asiatic relations of the same empire." From whence, he infers that one account must be false, and passes sentence of condemnation on that written by foreigners. Sir John knew marvellously little about the matter; and if he had read Mirkhond and Herodotus a little more carefully, he would have seen that the

outlines of many of their narratives coincide, and that the details, though different, are not inconsistent. The early historians of the East severally appropriated the history of the world to that of their own country; and Mirkhond gives us the traditions respecting the old Asiatic empires of Babylon, Nineveh, and Media, as the history of successive Persian dynasties.

The reign of Cyrus is the most interesting period of early Persian history; but it is also the most uncertain. We all know how contradictory are the statements of Xenophon and Herodotus; some circumstances mentioned in the Jewish Scriptures seem scarcely reconcilable with either narrative; and Mirkhond's account of Kai Khusrau differs from all three. But we think that from all the narratives, a fact not expressly stated by any may be inferred, namely, that Cyrus was the chief of a religious revolution as well as of a change of dynasty; that the conquest of Babylon, and the transfer of dominion from the Medes to the Persians, was accompanied by the triumph of the Magian over the Sabian superstition. The name Cyrus, or in the Hebrew form *Korash*, is manifestly derived from the Persian *Khor*, or *Khorshid*, which signifies "the sun": it was probably an epithet given to him on account of his great victories, and was mistaken for a proper name by foreigners. A similar mistake respecting an epithet in the book of Daniel has led to much idle controversy; countless volumes have been written on the identity of the Darius mentioned by the prophet; but *Darawesh* is manifestly the Hebrew form of the Persian *Darâ*, or *Darâb*, which signifies "a king"; the mere name therefore tells us nothing, and we are perfectly at liberty to suppose him to have been Astyages, Cyaxares, or even Cyrus himself. The Persian gold coin *Adarkon*, or *Darkon*, called in the English Bible "the Daric," means simply the royal coin; and we find it named even in the age of Solomon: hence we infer, that Darawesh, or Darius, was an epithet of royalty among the Persians, like Brenn or Brennus with the Gauls, and Pharaoh with the Egyptians. In Daniel's narrative we see manifest traces of the religious revolution to which we have referred, especially in the decree issued by Darius after the prophet was delivered from the lion's den: we even conjecture that Daniel had no small share in effecting the change. It is generally known that Oriental traditions of high antiquity connect Daniel with Zerdusht or Zoroaster; but it is not so notorious that the Jews regard this prophet with jealousy, that they declare him inferior to the other inspired writers, and almost call him a renegade, for not having returned with his brethren from the captivity, and for laying aside some of the exclusive principles which they declare essential to the creed of Abraham's posterity. It is not probable that this feeling was shared by Daniel's cotemporaries; they, on the contrary, hailed the elevation of their countryman with delight, because they shared in its advantages; and we know that Ezekiel does not scruple to class Daniel with the patriarchs Noah and Job. Herodotus describes Cyrus as having proposed a revolt to the Persians at a solemn sacrifice; and Kai Khusrau is described both by Mirkhond and Firdausi as a propagator of the true religion: he is made to declare—

We shall make the world too narrow for the wicked;  
And bring destruction on the prosperity of Afraasiab.

The maternal grandfather of Cyrus is, according to Mirkhond, Afraasiab, the king of the Túránians; but according both to Xenophon and Herodotus, Astyages king of the Medes. We are in this instance inclined to prefer the authority of the Greeks; and we think the Persian writers were led into the mistake by the fact of the Túránians, or Scythians, having some short time before the reign of Astyages devastated the greater part of central Asia. The character of Afraasiab is precisely the same as that which Herodotus gives of Astyages; and the identification almost amounts to certainty, when we compare the Persian account of the Vizir Pirân Wisah with the Greek's history of Harpagus.

Some difficulty arises from the account of a war between Kai Khusrau and his brother Ferood; for neither in the Jewish nor Grecian writers do we find it stated that Cyrus had a brother. We incline to believe that the Persian authors were here led astray by a confused tradition of the war between Cyrus the younger and Artaxerxes Mnemon. If space admitted, we should gladly examine into the causes why the expedition of Xerxes against Greece has not been directly noticed by the Persian writers, and point out what we regard as distinct allusions to it in the history of Esfendiâr. We regret also that we can only allude to the striking similarity between the Persian account of Iskander's reign, and the romantic histories of Alexander the Great which appeared during the middle ages. Enough, however, has been said to prove the great value of Mirkhond's history to those who cultivate historical criticism,—a study, of which, if Niebuhr cannot be called the creator, he at least merits to be regarded as the most illustrious supporter.

The fabulous history of a country merits our attention as much as the real, for national traditions are among the best guides to the study of national character. We cannot glean many certainties from Firdausi or Mirkhond; but we can discover in them confirmations both of sacred and profane history, which are as curious as they are valuable. The more the literary treasures of the East have been examined, the more has the general accuracy of Herodotus been established; and, what is infinitely more important, the more reason have we to believe in the historical verity of the Old Testament.

Caspar Hauser. Drawn up from Official Documents. By Anselm Von Feuerbach, President of the Court of Appeal.—(Translated from the German.) London: Kennet.

HERE we have the romance of real life, before which fiction is poor and commonplace. If this work were offered as one of imagination, it would be thrown aside as absurd and extravagant; but it comes authenticated with official and judicial certificates, and all the substantiating evidence that could be called for in the most rigid legal inquiry.

Many of our readers will, no doubt, remember that about four years since the English public were kept in wondering perplexity at the fragmentary passages which were occasionally copied from the German papers relating to a youth said to have been found in the streets



of Nuremberg under circumstances wholly inexplicable, and not to be penetrated even by judicial inquiry. Here then we have all the authentic facts, and we intend to give a brief abstract of them for the gratification of our readers—not, however, for the gratification of a merely idle curiosity, for there are circumstances connected with the history of this youth, medical, physiological, and moral, highly curious and instructive.

Caspar Hauser, as he is here called, and who is now residing at Ansbach, under the care of an able instructor, provided for him by the liberality of our countryman, the Earl of Stanhope, was first seen or heard of on the 26th of May, 1828, being then found, weary, exhausted, and weeping, near the Haller Gate at Nuremberg. To the first person he met he offered a letter, addressed "To the Captain of the fourth Squadron of the Sixth Regiment," then quartered in that city, from the contents of which the following is an extract:—

"From a place, near the Bavarian frontier which shall be nameless, 1828.

"HIGH AND WELL BORN CAPTAIN!

"I send you a boy who wishes faithfully to serve his king. This boy was left in my house the 7th day of October, 1812; and I am myself a poor day labourer, who have also ten children, and have enough to do to maintain my own family. The mother of the child only put him in my house for the sake of having him brought up. But I have never been able to discover who his mother is; nor have I ever given information to the provincial court that such a child was placed in my house. I thought I ought to receive him as my son. I have given him a christian education; and since 1812 I have never suffered him to take a single step out of my house. So that no one knows where he was brought up. Nor does he know either the name of my house or where it is. You may ask him, but he cannot tell you. I have already taught him to read and write, and he writes my handwriting exactly as I do."

It is needless to say that the Captain knew nothing of the writer or the bearer; and, as no intelligible answer could be got from the latter, he was forthwith handed over to the police. The demeanour of the youth was marked by a sort of brutish stupidity—he whined, and moaned, and pointed to his lacerated and torn feet; and the only doubt among those who saw him was, whether he was mad or idiotic—the more shrewd hinting at the possibility of some trick or deception. Meat and beer, when offered, he spat from him at the first mouthful, with loathing and horror, and refused all food but plain bread and water.

He remained in charge of the police until the extraordinary circumstances of his case became known, when he was visited by many intelligent persons, and among others by the writer of this narrative, who gives the following account of his appearance:—

"His skin was fine and very fair; his complexion was not florid, but neither was it of a sickly hue; his limbs were delicately built; his small hands were beautifully formed; and his feet, which showed no marks of ever before having been confined or pressed by a shoe, were equally so. The soles of his feet, which were without any horny skin, were as soft as the palms of his hands; and they were covered all over with blood blisters, the marks of which were some months later still visible. Both his arms showed the scars of inoculation. \* \* \* His face was at that time very vulgar; when in

a state of tranquillity it was almost without any expression; and its lower features, being somewhat prominent, gave him a brutish appearance. \* \* \* The formation of his face altered in a few months almost entirely. \* \* \* He scarcely at all knew how to use his hands and fingers. He stretched out his fingers, stiff and straight and far asunder, with the exception of his first finger and thumb, whose tips he commonly held together so as to form a circle. Where others applied but a few fingers he used his whole hand in the most uncouth and awkward manner imaginable. His gait, like that of an infant making its first essays in leading strings, was properly speaking not a walk but rather a waddling, tottering, groping of the way,—a painful medium between the motion of falling and the endeavour to stand upright. In attempting to walk, instead of first treading firmly on his heel, he placed his heels and the balls of his feet at once to the ground, and raising both feet simultaneously with an inclination of the upper part of his body, he stumbled slowly and heavily forward, with out-stretched arms, which he seemed to use as balance poles. The slightest impediment in his way caused him often, in his little chamber, to fall flat on the floor. For a long time after his arrival he could not go up or down stairs without assistance. And even now, it is still impossible for him to stand on one foot and to raise, to bend, or to stretch the other, without falling down. \* \* \*

"He was so entirely destitute of words and conceptions, he was so totally unacquainted with the most common objects and daily occurrences of nature, and he showed so great an indifference, nay, such an abhorrence, to all the usual customs, conveniences, and necessities of life; and at the same time he evinced such extraordinary peculiarities in all the characteristics of his mental, moral, and physical existence, as seemed to leave us no other choice, than either to regard him as the inhabitant of some other planet, miraculously transferred to the earth, or as one who (like the man whom Plato supposes) had been born and bred under ground, and who, now that he had arrived to the age of maturity, had for the first time ascended to the surface of the earth and beheld the light of the sun. \* \* \*

"Not only his mind, but many of his senses, appeared at first to be in a state of torpor, and only gradually to open to the perception of external objects. It was not before the lapse of several days that he began to notice the striking of the steeple clock, and the ringing of the bells. This threw him into the greatest astonishment, which at first was expressed only by his listening looks and by certain spasmodic motions of his countenance: but it was soon succeeded by a stare of benumbed meditation. \* \* \*

"His whole demeanour, was, so to speak, a perfect mirror of childlike innocence. There was nothing deceitful in him; his expressions exactly corresponded with the dictates of his heart, that is, as far as the poverty of his language would admit of it."

It is impossible for us to go into more minute particulars, although they are exceedingly interesting, and unquestionably authentic, being principally taken from the depositions made before the legal tribunal, held for the express purpose of inquiring into this strange and mysterious affair. But the account of Hauser himself cannot be omitted. When he drew up the statement from which what follows is an extract, he had been twelve months receiving instruction from Professor Daumer, who had kindly taken him as an inmate into his house, and by whom he is described as gentle in manner, and diligent in learning, and who reported him as competent to comply with the wishes of the government, and collect the recollections of his

life. The following is abridged from Hauser's narrative:—

"He neither knows who he is nor where his home is. It was only at Nuremberg that he came into the world.† Here he first learnt that, besides himself and 'the man with whom he had always been,' there existed other men and other creatures. As long as he can recollect he had always lived in a hole, (a small low apartment which he sometimes calls a cage,) where he had always sat upon the ground, with bare feet, and clothed only with a shirt and a pair of breeches.‡ In his apartment he never heard a sound, whether produced by a man, by an animal, or by anything else. He never saw the heavens, nor did there ever appear a brightening (daylight) such as at Nuremberg. He never perceived any difference between day and night, and much less did he ever get a sight of the beautiful lights in the heavens. Whenever he awoke from sleep, he found a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water by him. \* \* \* Thus, one day had passed as the other; but he had never felt the want of anything, had never been sick, and—once only excepted—had never felt the sensation of pain. Upon the whole, he had been much happier there than in the world, where he was obliged to suffer so much. How long he had continued to live in this situation he knew not; for he had had no knowledge of time. He knew not when, or how he came there. Nor had he any recollection of ever having been in a different situation, or in any other than in that place. The man with whom he had always been, never did him any harm. \* \* \*

"Another time the man came again, lifted him from the place where he lay, placed him on his feet, and endeavoured to teach him to stand. This he repeated at several different times. \* \* \*

"Finally, the man appeared once again, placed Caspar's hands over his shoulders, tied them fast, and thus, carried him on his back out of the prison. He was carried up (or down) a hill. He knows not how he felt; all became night, and he was laid upon his back. This 'becoming night,' as appeared on many different occasions at Nuremberg signified, in Caspar's language, 'to faint away.' The account given of the continuation of his journey, is principally confined to the following particulars: 'That he had often lain with his face to the ground, in which cases it became night; that he had several times eaten bread and drunk water; that the man, 'with whom he had always been,' had often taken pains to teach him to walk, which always gave him great pain, &c. \* \* \* Not long before he was observed at Nuremberg, the man had put the clothes upon him which he then wore."

"The putting on of his boots gave him great pain; for the man made him sit on the ground, seized him from behind, drew his feet up, and thus forced them into the boots. They then proceeded onwards still more miserably than before. He neither then, nor ever before, perceived anything of the objects around him; he neither observed nor saw them; and he could therefore not tell from what part of the country, in what direction, or by which way he came. All that he was conscious of, was that the man who had been leading him put the letter which he had brought with him into his hand, and then vanished; after which, a citizen observed

† An expression which he often uses to designate his exposure in Nuremberg, and his first awakening to the consciousness of mental life.

‡ According to a more particular account given by Caspar—which is fully confirmed by marks upon his body which cannot be mistaken, by the singular formation of his knee and knee hollow, and by his peculiar mode of sitting, upon the ground with his legs extended, which is possible to himself alone,—he never, even in his sleep, lay with his whole body stretched out, but sat, waking and sleeping, with his back supported in an erect posture.

him and took him to the guard-room at the new gate."

Of course these extraordinary circumstances excited considerable sensation in Nuremberg, and it is supposed that the current report of the official inquiries led to the following catastrophe in October, 1829. One day Mrs. Daumer was surprised by observing marks of blood upon the stairs, and Hauser was missing: search was made, and he was found covered with blood, and lying insensible in the cellar. When brought up stairs, the first sign of life was a groan, and the exclamation in a hollow voice, "Man! man!" For forty-eight hours he remained in a state of delirium, and was twenty-two days before he recovered from the effects of a wound on the forehead, which, according to the judicial report, appeared to be a cut or thrust with a sharp instrument. Caspar's own account is as follows:—"Between eleven and twelve at noon he went to the water-closet—

"While there, I heard a noise, like that which is usually heard when the door of the wood-room is opened, and which is well known to me; I also heard a soft sound of the house-door bell; this did not however appear to proceed from ringing it, but from some immediate contact with the bell itself. Immediately after, I heard, softly, footsteps from the lower passage, and at the same time I saw, through the space between the screen before the private closet, and the small staircase, that a man was sneaking through the passage. I observed the entirely black head of the man, and thought it was the chimney sweeper. But, when I was afterwards preparing to leave the narrow apartment in which I was, and my head was somewhat outside of it, the black man stood suddenly before me, and gave me a blow on the head; in consequence of which I immediately fell with my whole body on the ground." (Now follows a description of the man, which cannot well be communicated.) "Of the face and the hair of the man, I could perceive nothing; for he was veiled, and indeed, as I believe, with a black silk handkerchief drawn over his whole head."

There are many other particulars not necessary to be detailed here, and we shall now quote the opinion of Mr. Feuerbach, the President, it must be remembered, of a Court of Appeal, to whom many circumstances were known, not made public:—

"In respect to the manner in which he was wounded, I (the author of this) cannot join the opinion of the court.

"I have several reasons, but which cannot with propriety be publicly made known, for believing that Caspar Hauser's wound was neither made by a stroke, nor by a thrust; neither with a sabre, with a hatchet, with a chisel, nor with a common knife made for cutting, but with another well known sharp cutting instrument; and that the wound was not aimed at the head but at the throat; but (because, at the sight of the man and of the armed fist which was suddenly extending itself towards his throat, Caspar instinctively stooped) that the blow glanced from his throat which was protected by his chin, and was led upwards. . . .

"Indications that might lead to the discovery of the person who had committed the act, were soon discovered. Among others, for instance, it was discovered that, on the same day and in the same hour when the deed was done, the man described by Caspar was seen to go out of Daumer's house; that nearly about the same time, the same well dressed person described by Caspar was seen washing his hands (which were probably bloody,) in a water trough which stands in the street, not very far from Daumer's

house; that about four days after the deed, a well dressed gentleman, who wore clothes like those worn by the black man described by Hauser, went up to a low woman who was going to the city, and questioned her earnestly concerning the life or death of the wounded Caspar; that he then went with this woman close to the gate, where a handbill was to be seen concerning Hauser's wound, which had been stuck up by the magistracy; and that he afterwards, without entering the city, absented himself in a very suspicious manner, &c.

"But, if the reader's curiosity or his love of knowledge should inspire him with a wish to learn still more; if he should ask me what were the results of the judicial inquiries which were instituted; if he should desire to know, to what tracks they have led, what spots were actually struck by the divining rod, and what was afterwards done; I shall be under the necessity of answering, that the laws, as well as the nature of the case, forbid the author to speak publicly of things, which only the servant of the state can be permitted to know or to conjecture. Yet I may permit myself to pronounce the assurance, that the judicial authorities have, with a faithfulness at once unwearied and regardless of consequences, endeavoured to prosecute their inquiries concerning the case, by the aid of every, even the most extraordinary means, which were at their disposal; and, that their inquiries have not been altogether unsuccessful.

"But, not all heights, depths, and distances, are accessible to the reach of civil justice. And, in respect to many places in which justice might have reason to seek the giant perpetrator of such a crime, it would be necessary, in order to penetrate into them, to be in possession of Joshua's ram's horns, or at least of Oberon's horn, in order, for some time at least, to suspend the action of the powerful enchanted Colossuses that guard the golden gates of certain castles."

The mystery which is here concealed under the figurative language about ram's horns and Oberon's horn, and enchanted Colossuses, we are wholly unable to explain. It is stated as probable, that Caspar Hauser will shortly be removed to this country, and reside permanently under the protection of the Earl of Stanhope; if so, it is not impossible, that a little more light may then be permitted to break in upon this strange story. We have sketched this as a mere outline of the extraordinary history of this youth; we may hereafter advert to some of the curious physiological facts which his life offers: if philosophy was deeply interested in recording the progressive development of the faculties of the youth who first saw light after Chessel-den's operation, it cannot be less so in the history of one who first saw light, and almost first felt life, at the age of eighteen. We shall, therefore, for the present only conclude in the words of Von Feuerbach:—

"Light had never shone upon this being, neither on his eye, nor on his soul; and when he emerged from his lonesome darkness, he was like a new born child in respect to all which must be acquired by experience, whilst the instruments for acquiring that experience, the natural faculties, of course differed from those of a child so far as they are affected by the mere age or growth of the individual. Thus he presented an opportunity for observation of the highest interest to the physiological philosopher, the moralist, the religious teacher, the physiologist and physician—an opportunity which must be as rare as the crime which has afforded it."

#### BRIDGEWATER TREATISES.

*Astronomy and General Physics considered with reference to Natural Theology.* By the Rev. W. Whewell, M.A. London: Pickering.

THE late Earl of Bridgewater bequeathed the sum of eight thousand pounds, to be paid to such person or persons, nominated by the President of the Royal Society, as should write, print, and publish one thousand copies of a work "On the power, wisdom, and goodness of God." Mr. Davies Gilbert, the late President, acting with the advice of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and a nobleman intimately connected with the testator, nominated eight gentlemen to write separate treatises on the different branches of the subject. The said division of labour, however, seems rather whimsically arranged: an entire volume is given to Sir Charles Bell, for an essay on the Human Hand, while Dr. Prout has only the same space for Chemistry, Meteorology, and the function of Digestion; a trio of subjects that sounds sufficiently odd in connexion. Whether the bequest was likely to lead to any beneficial result, may fairly be questioned; but there can be little doubt that the use made of it is not the wisest possible.

The work before us is one that will forcibly impress a reader not previously acquainted with Mr. Whewell's merits; it is learned, eloquent, and convincing; the matter well arranged, the arguments logically disposed, the inferences fully justified by the premises, the style at once simple and elegant. But to us, who have known Mr. Whewell when he wrote as nature dictated, there is something wanting—

We miss in Homer, Homer's strength and fire.

There are, indeed, few men whose character would not have been established by a work of so much merit, but Mr. Whewell is one of the few, and this volume will not extend his fame. The professed object of the essay is to prove that the laws of nature, by their mutual adaptation, afford evidence of contrivance and design. Astronomy furnishes at once the most convincing and the most beautiful illustrations of this principle; in the words of the nineteenth psalm—"The heavens are narrators of the glory of God." The operation of the great physical agents, heat, light, electricity, &c. on the material world around us, furnishes at a very noble line of argument, in which we find some original and striking observations. The concluding sections are those in which the influence of command appears most obviously; for the conclusions were supplied by authority, when Mr. Whewell was ordered to search for premises. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, we should have confidently recommended this volume to youth, if it had been published in a shape and at a price rendering it available for purposes of education, as a safe guide to science, and as worthily inculcating those sublime truths, which Moore's hymn so beautifully expresses:—

Thou art, O LORD, the life and light  
Of all this wondrous world we see;  
Its glow by day, its smile by night,  
Are but reflections caught from thee;  
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are THINE.

† The bold Oriental personification of the heavens is lost in all the common translations.



*The Parliamentary Pocket Companion.* Whitaker & Co.

*The Parliamentary Pocket Book.* Cochran & McCrone.

*The Old and New Representation Contrasted.* Vacher & Son.

We have been perplexed to find such a characteristic difference between these useful works, as might justify us in giving a preference to one or other. The Pocket Companion, and the Pocket Book, are equally handsome, and contain much the same information. We prefer the simple arrangement of the latter, but then the biographical notices of the former are greatly superior. 'The Old and New Representation Contrasted' is less ostentatious in its than either, and will be preferred by those who desire information relating to the old as well as the new constitution of the boroughs, but it wants the biographical notices, which appear to us valuable. We must, therefore, rest content with announcing these several publications, and recommending purchasers to see them all, and determine for themselves.

*A Manual of the Baronetage of the British Empire.* By R. B. Fraser & Co.

THESE fifty pages contain information for which the editor or author must have consulted many rare and curious volumes. It was his wish to give a correct list of the present members of what he justly calls a noble and hereditary institution, together with an abstract of its immunities, precedencies, and some account of its insignia. All this he seems to have carefully and skilfully done; we wish he would do more—namely, extend the work and expand the information of which he seems possessed. Perhaps this little work is enough; we miss nothing in it which we desire to find.

*A Catalogue Raisonné of the Works of the most Eminent Dutch, Flemish, and French Painters.* By John Smith. Part IV. London; Smith & Son.

THIS fourth part contains biographical notes of Jan Steen, Terburg, Metzger, Netscher, Vander Neer, Vander Werf, Hooge, Gonzales, and Schalcken; with an account of nearly one thousand pictures painted by these several artists. There is not much that is new in the biographies; but the account of many of the pictures, their historical descent, with the various prices they have at different times been sold for, is curious and valuable, and will be to many extremely interesting.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

##### STEAM NAVIGATION IN INDIA.

WE lately drew the attention of our readers, to the plan of a new route to India, in which, first Captain Chesney and then Captain Head proposed, by the aid of steam, to shorten the voyage, from four months to six weeks. We alluded at the same time to the intentions of the company and the government, regarding this important measure, and mentioned that arrangements for a permanent line of communication were making. This is, however, not all. The inland navigation of India is about to undergo an extensive and beneficial change; steam-boats are now on their way to the Ganges and the Indus too, we understand, and the remotest parts of the mighty province of Hindostan will be brought, as it were, a thousand miles nearer the seat of government. The voyage from Calcutta to Allahabad, which formerly took two months in one of the rude native gondolas, will now be accomplished in as many weeks; steam will add wings to all travellers, whe-

ther military or civil; commerce will receive a new impulse; civilization—of which there is less need in India than many imagine—will spread; and should war ensue, our troops will reach the scene of action before their enemy anticipates their approach.

One steam-boat adapted to the Ganges, is now, we believe, on the way to the Hoogly; it was constructed by Mrs. Maudsley & Field; and when launched and loaded, it was found to draw only twenty-four inches of water. A second boat has been constructed by the same ingenious engineers, and is now on its way to India in the Larkins. Captain Johnston, the projector of the scheme, and a company of practical engineers and operative mechanics, go out to set them in motion.

These vessels are composed of iron plates, varying from one-fourth to five-sixteenths of an inch in thickness, they are one hundred and twenty-five feet long, twenty-two feet beam, and at the midships for the length of the engine-room and boilers, about ten feet deep, each boat having a pair of engines, of the collective power of sixty horses; the draft of water of the 'Lord William Bentinck,' when launched, was nine and a half inches only; her machinery, boilers and coals, with a supply of stores, brought her down to twenty-three inches; nor is it expected she will exceed this when completed and at her station; a result, which every man acquainted with the subject, must admit to be alike creditable to the engineers and to Captain Johnston.

The plan originally laid down was, first, to send one steam tug-vessel, and one accommodation or passenger boat to be towed by the first, and to follow these up by three other pairs of boats of similar construction and for like purposes; but in order to accelerate the practical advantages contemplated, it was subsequently deemed better to send the complete steam tugs, which might on arrival, commence their operation, leaving the complement of boats to follow as early as may be. We shall look anxiously for accounts of the future progress of this expedition; and whilst we commend the governments, both domestic and foreign, for their public spirit, we heartily wish success to the whole undertaking.

#### EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

ON Monday next the galleries of the Society of British Artists in Suffolk Street will be opened to the public, and we have no doubt that many of the pictures will find purchasers as well as admirers. There are, in all, eight hundred and seventy odd productions of the pencil and the chisel: of the latter, there are few of high merit, which claim any connexion with poetry: of the former, there are many of great excellence; some landscape, some of a domestic character, and not a few from fancy and nature. The pictures are generally of less dimensions than usual: painters are beginning to adapt their works to the walls of ordinary houses; nor are there any of sublimity of conception and splendour of execution sufficient to throw humbler labours into shade: but there are many small pictures of more than common merit, and what is equally cheering, not a few new names in Art, accompanied by works of great promise. Of our old favourites, Wilson has many clever landscapes, Inskipp a few of his happy studies, Harlestone some excellent portraits, Davis two or three scenes from nature, superior to any he has yet exhibited, Linton a bright landscape or two, Hart some historic labours, full of character, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Carpenter, and Miss Fanny Corbeaux have a number of admirable likenesses, and fancy heads; but, perhaps, the finest work in the exhibition is an Italian group by Uwins; it is poetically conceived, and

most gracefully executed. The names of the artists with which we were till now unacquainted, are Cooper, Pyne, Chambers, and Fisk: we hope the future will fulfil the promise of their present works. We shall now proceed to point out a few of the works which we more particularly noticed.

8. This is a country girl of the High Peak of Derby, tanned a little with the sun, but full of that life and health which the pencil of INSKIPP so readily bestows on all its touches. 74. *A Girl disturbed with her Pet,* is by the same skilful hand; she is fondling a young rabbit, and doing it very gracefully. 225. *The Fortune Told,* is a capital picture; the future has been shown a little cloudy, for the poor girl is lost in thought. There are other pictures of equal merit by this artist: we consider his style very original and poetic.

13. The Cattle in this landscape have been painted by a skilful hand. It is mid-day; some milch cows, disturbed in their pasture by the heat of the sun, have sought the shade of two fine old trees, where there is a little water to cool their hoofs. They are so natural, that a milkmaid would be almost tempted to place her pail under them. We are not very sure that the painter is right in making his sheep walk into the water along with the cows: we never saw ewes go into water of their own accord. The trees are admirable, and, indeed, the whole scene is fine. The picture is by a new artist, T. S. COOPER.

38. *The Archer Boy,* is one of the happiest pictures of the kind in these galleries. He is all ease, and grace, and beauty. MR. HARLESTONE has several other portrait paintings nearly, if not altogether, equal to this: of these, the most to our liking are 62. *The Chapel Family,* and 21. *Lady Petre and Son.* A little more deep lucid vigour of colour would do no harm to his fine natural conceptions.

54. The approaching shower is perceived by some cows and cow-herds, and the natural way in which they seek shelter and prepare themselves to receive the unwelcome storm, cannot but be visible to every one. Nor has MR. DAVIS been less successful in his delineation of *The Last Booth in the Fair*, No. 92, or in *An Interior*, No. 138, where some shaggy ponies are standing knee-deep, ruminating on straw. His grouping is good, and his colouring natural.

53. 143. 198. are landscapes by WILSON, and all distinguished for truth and beauty. The first is *The Beach at Dieppe*: the sands and shells appear as newly moistened by the tide, and the figures which give life to the scene, seem in their nature aquatic. The second represents Shakespeare's celebrated Cliff at Dover: against the almost perpendicular rock the agitated sea rises wild and foaming: the third is *Dort on the Meuse*, a splendid scene, painted no doubt from love, for all lovers of Art know it is the birth-place of Cuyper. There are other landscapes to the amount of half a dozen or more, by Mr. Wilson, all of which have merit: they are small too, and convenient for chambers, as well as galleries: we never saw him in such strength before.

56. MR. UWINS has travelled in Italy, and the present work bears two-fold evidence of that; the subject is Italian, and the conception and handling worthy of the first masters. He has imagined a young fisherman of the Bay of Naples, singing a song to two young maidens: the air is still, the sky serene, and his voice has thrown such a spell into the air, that his fair hearers seem entranced. The grouping is natural and elegant; the colouring clear, deep, and harmonious, and the sentiment of the finest order of poetry. There are no other pictures from his hand—which is a pity.

61. *The Lake of Lugano* is from the pencil of

LINTON, and in his happiest manner: the air is clear, and the scene lovely.

64. *The Romance*, is a fine picture; the vision of loveliness, which appeared to Mr. WYATT, is beautifully embodied. *The Dark-Eyed Brunette*, 164, is by the same pencil, and has its merits also; the colouring in both is vigorous, and the poetic feeling worthy of encouragement.

73. This is a study of nature—a wild wood scene, by Miss ANN NASMYTH; very small, and almost fit for the pocket, but of extensive beauty. It is, in truth, one of the prettiest bits of natural painting in the exhibition, and worthy of her father, now the eldest of all the followers of landscape.

103. North Wales has much fine scenery, and this picture is copied, and well copied too, from one of its romantic nooks. 462. is by the same artist, and embodies a passage from the *Robbers* of Schiller; the conception is worthy of Salvator Rosa; the robber stands in the bottom of a wild dell; all around him the rocks rise in shivered pinnacles to a vast height; a bird of prey looks in from above. J. ZEITNER is a foreign name, and there is a dash of another land in both his pictures—we like them not the worse for it.

187. 280. Both these little pictures are by KIDD. The first is called *New Hat, or the Father's Present*, and shows a much fondled child rejoicing in a flashy hat and feather: the second represents boys at the ordinary amusement of see-saw; with this difference, that one of them weighs down the plank till it becomes almost perpendicular; the humour of the picture lies in the grotesque fear of him who sits high in air.

160. This is almost the only historical picture in the exhibition; and we think it a very effective one: it is painted by HART, and shows Cardinal Wolsey arriving, wearied in body and wounded in spirit, at Leicester Abbey, two days before his death: "At his coming in at the gates," says Cavendish, "the Abbot of the place, with all his convent, met him with the light of many torches, whom they right honourably received with great reverence, to whom my Lord said, 'Father Abbot, I am come hither to leave my bones among you;' whom they brought on his mule to the stairs foot of his chamber, and there alighted; and Master Kingston then took him by the arm and led him up the stairs; who told me afterwards, that he never carried so heavy a burthen in all his life. He went incontinent, to his bed, very sick; and there he continued sicker and sicker: he died on the Tuesday following." There are, perhaps, too many figures and anxious faces, but it is, nevertheless, a touching picture, full of character, well grouped and well painted.

156. Mr. EDMONSTONE is lately come from Italy, and his *Roman Boy with Fruit* is the only picture he has had leisure to prepare: it has merit enough to make us wish for other works from his hand.

We will renew our examination and remarks next week: in the meantime we may observe, that the Gallery for Water Colours contains many exquisite drawings, and some very clever engravings: and that, in the Sculpture-room, there are children's heads in marble, by Moore and Weeks, of that natural grace and beauty which we love. Of a statue of Mercury, in marble, by Rossi; of two naked figures playing at single-stick, or of the bust of Lord Chancellor Brougham, we desire to say nothing—just now.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

*The Conversazione of Artists, and of Artists exclusively*, which was some time since projected by Mr. Brockedon, may now be considered as established, under the name of 'The Graphic Society.' A meeting of the

Subscribers was held on Wednesday evening, to determine on the rules and regulations, of which the following are the more important:—

"That the Society shall consist of One Hundred ARTISTS, who shall each have the privilege of introducing at every Meeting one friend who is conversant with the Fine Arts, and feels an interest in their advancement.—That the Meetings of the Society shall be Monthly, and take place six times in the course of a season, from January to June.—That a Subscription of One Guinea shall be annually paid by each Member, to defray the Expenses of the Rooms, Refreshments of Tea and Coffee, Attendance, &c.—That a certain number (to be agreed upon) of the most eminent Literary and Scientific Men shall be annually invited by the Society to attend its Meetings."

A Society so constituted cannot fail to be delightful, but it is too exclusive to be of any real service to the Members. It is from the association of general intelligence, that information is to be gleaned; and no body of men stand in more need of this outward refreshing than artists—their profession is in its nature engrossing—it occupies all time and all thought; and that sort of prejudice gets rubbed off in general society, which will only eat deeper from such associations. "All work and no play," has its consequence written down as a proverb—from "all art, and nothing but art," it needs no great philosophy to come to conclusions; and we are sincerely of opinion that, for the health and strength of his mind, the best thing an Artist can do is, to make a parting bow to art when he leaves his own studio.

Yesterday, Chantrey's beautiful bust of the Princess Louise of Saxe Wiemar was taken to the Palace of St. James's; Her Majesty traced the outline of the likeness with her own hand, and the sculptor has given it such form and sentiment as will not be easily equalled in his art. The same sculptor is modelling a Statue of Sir John Malcolm, for Bombay—the likeness is already great, "bold soldier-featured, undimmed," and the posture is at once natural and commanding. It will be a companion to a statue from the same hand, of that accomplished person, Mountstuart Elphinstone. Chantrey's Equestrian Statue of His late Majesty, is in great forwardness; horse and man will measure little less than fifteen feet high. A fine Statue of Canning, by the same artist, is preparing for Westminster Abbey; we are glad to see this, for we cannot consider the bronze statue of the same great statesman by Westmacott, as at all happy.—We hear of few new commissions among Artists; though, no doubt, the walls of the Exhibition will have their annual covering of portraits.

In Literature, there is "a sincope and solemn pause." Among the few works of promise announced as forthcoming, is the Account of Two Expeditions undertaken by order of the Colonial Government, by Capt. Sturt, into the interior of Australia.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### LINNEAN SOCIETY.

March 19.—A. B. Lambert, Esq., in the chair.—A communication was read from Captain King, which stated that his nephew, Mr. James Macarthur, of Parramatta, had an *Ornithorhynchus*, from the mammae of which he had squeezed

a large quantity of milk. The mammary glands in this specimen, occupied the whole length of the belly on each side; but there were no nipples, and the milk exuded through pores. The young, it was stated, are produced in October and November; and hopes were entertained, that other specimens would be procured at that time. Captain King's letter was dated in August last. The secretary read a paper 'On the habits and structure of the Sloth,' (*Bradypus tridactylus*, Linn.) by the Rev. W. Buckland, Professor of Geology at Oxford. Buffon described this animal, with a view only to what he regarded as its defects; and later authors have also fallen into the error, of considering its extraordinary structure rather in comparison with that of other mammalia, than in relation to its own peculiar mode of life. The sloth, formed for climbing, is destined by nature to live among the branches of trees, and feed on their buds and young leaves, seldom venturing upon the ground, except to pass from one tree to another. Dr. Buckland's paper detailed the form and structure of the limbs, described them as exhibiting perfect mechanism, and admirably adapted to the animal, thus fitted for its particular station. The two additional cervical vertebrae were noticed, as affording great flexibility to the motions of the neck. When sleeping, the sloth is suspended under the branch, its long fore-legs allowing the body to maintain a horizontal position, while its long and hooked claws secure its hold. The head is passed between the fore-legs and reclines on the breast.

##### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Mr. Donaldson delivered a lecture on the drainage and sewerage of the metropolis, with especial reference to a plan proposed by Mr. John Martin, the painter, for improving the drainage, preventing the filth from passing into the river, and saving and applying it as valuable manure.

The broad outline of Mr. Martin's plan is, that a sewer be formed, to commence about the bottom of College-street, Westminster, running parallel with the banks of the river, and receiving all the minor drainage in its course. This sewer to be on the same level with the shore, and following the inclination of the river; the top to be sufficiently high to form quays; the sewer should also gradually increase in width as it continues its course towards the Tower, where it should turn off, using the moat, if permitted; but in the event of that not being allowed, passing round the moat, behind the London Dock, along Radcliffe-highway, Brook-street, and the intermediate streets, to the first convenient space near the Regent's canal, where a grand receptacle should be made from which the soil could be conveyed to barges, and transported by the canals to various parts of the country.

The great receptacle at the end of this covered sewer should be separated into two compartments, with a flood-gate at the inner angle of each compartment for the sewage to run in at; and at the opposite extremity, within about three feet of the top, an iron grating, through which the lighter and thinner parts of the sewage would rise: the heavier and grosser parts sinking to the bottom, and gradually filling up to the base of the drain, when the gate should be closed, and the one leading into the second division of the receptacle opened. At the extremity of the receptacles, between the two compartments, there should be an engine to raise the manure into barges; and hot lime should be mixed with the manure, to render it fit for immediate use, and to take off the offensive smell.

The same plan of course to be adopted on the south side of the river; and at the west end of London, beyond College-street,

Mr. Martin suggests that the sides of the sewers be constructed of iron caissons, the bottom paved with brick, and the top arched with sheet iron, with wrought iron ribs; and then, supposing that the internal dimensions would average 20 feet in width and 20 in height, he estimates the cost at 60,000*l.* a mile. And he is of opinion, that the profits arising from the sale of the manure, would well remunerate any company who would embark capital in the speculation.

Mr. Martin also referred to another nuisance connected with the drains, which might be corrected whether the foregoing plan be adopted or not—the smell arising from the gullies in the street. He proposes to substitute for the present open sinks, a square cast iron box, on which the present grating should be placed; in this box there should be an opening two-thirds down one side, against which a wooden flap should be suspended. The waters rushing in would then first deposit their grit and sand, (which might be removed at proper intervals by the street-keepers, and thus prevent the choking of the drain itself,) and then escape by forcing open the trap, which would close so soon as the waters subsided. The plan is ingenious, and deserving attentive consideration. The suggestion respecting the street drains is an improvement which might almost be introduced by individuals, certainly by parishes, without the unavoidable delay which must attend the greater work, even if attempted.

#### INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

Feb. 5.—The President, Thomas Telford, Esq. in the chair.—Mr. Troughton produced specimens of his new metallic cement, and entered into full particulars of its composition and use. The subject for discussion being 'The changes likely to be produced in the river Thames by the removal of old London Bridge,' a paper treating of this important question, by Mr. G. Bidder, was read by the Secretary, and observations made at former periods on the height of floods, rapidity of current, &c. were communicated by different members, and compared with the present condition of the river, and the further changes which are likely to take place: the increased rapidity of the ebb-tide, which has already deepened the river to a partial extent, and is sufficiently apparent at the bridges, was considered by some members as likely to injure their stability, unless some means of protection were resorted to. A report on the rise, progress, and present condition of the Harbour of Seaham, on the coast of Durham, was communicated by Mr. Buddle. The great facility afforded to coasting vessels making the harbour in stormy weather, by the application of steam tugs, was fully shown by several instances; one member stated, that a coal ship, of which he is the owner, is enabled by this means to make fifteen voyages annually; the average number of trips was only nine or ten in the same time before the intervention of steam. A conversation ensued on the state of steam navigation upon the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, N. America, and the incalculable benefit it affords to settlers in remote districts of that country.

A chart of the river Thames, and its estuary, between London Bridge and Orfordness; a map of canals in the counties of Lancaster, York, and Derby, and a copy of his *Journal of Elemental Locomotion*, were presented by Mr. Alexander Gordon. Two specimens of Cornua Ammonis, of great size, and specimens of petrified wood were received from Mr. Swinbourne; also a chart of Lynn and Boston Docks, from Mr. J. S. Tucker; and the Rev. H. Moseley's *Treatise on Hydrostatics and Hydrodynamics*, presented by the author.

Feb. 12.—James Walker, Esq. Vice-President, in the chair.—An account of improvements on the Norwich and Watton road, accompanied by a drawing, was received from Mr. Thorold. There were also presented, the Parliamentary Report on Steam Navigation, by Mr. Field, and by Mr. Glynn a paper on the Midland Counties Railway. The reading of Mr. Glynn's paper gave rise to a lengthened discussion on the subject of Railways and Canals in general; a new method of laying down rails (adopted to a considerable extent in North America) was described; no chair is required; the rails, which are stated to be stronger than those upon the Manchester and Liverpool line, although 2½ lbs. per yard lighter, being secured to wooden sleepers laid lengthwise, and in contact with each other along the whole line of railway. The practicability of high velocities in canal navigation was introduced, and the success of trials made on the narrow canal between Glasgow and Paisley, brought forward as a proof of the advantages of this mode of conveyance; long narrow boats, of thin plate iron, carrying from eighty to one hundred passengers, have been constantly plying on this canal for the last two years; they are tracked by two horses, with much ease, at the rate of ten miles an hour. Mr. James Bremner, of Pulteney Town, Wick, Caithness, was elected a corresponding member of the Institution.

Feb. 19.—The President in the chair.—A map of the Harbour and Town of King's Lynn, Norfolk, was presented by Mr. Casebourne. A plan and specification of a Passage Boat in present use on the Paisley Canal, by Mr. Maudslay. The question of "economy and facility in the production of coal gas" being taken into consideration, an explanation was given of a late invention, with a view to a saving of fuel, by creating a more rapid and perfect combustion of coal in the retorts; it was stated, however, that when more than 10,000 cubic feet of gas is extracted from the chaldron of coals, the coke is so much reduced in quality as to render it unfit for sale; and that, in point of economy, no advantage is derived from pressing the decomposition of coal to a greater extent.

The exhibition of Mr. Deane's diving apparatus created considerable interest; sufficient testimonials were afforded of the utility of this invention in situations where the diving bell is inconvenient or cannot be used; one member mentioned having employed it in repairing a broken heelpost of a large flood-gate, under a depth of twelve feet at low water, and another had found it useful in examining the foundations of a bridge with more minuteness than could have been done with the diving bell. The apparatus consists of a helmet-shaped covering for the head, with lenses to admit light, into which the air is passed through flexible tubes by means of two forcing pumps, in the usual way; the rest of the body is kept dry by a waterproof dress fitted close at the neck, so that the operator is enabled to walk on the bed of a river, &c. with considerable ease. Mr. Deane stated that in still sea water he had descended to a depth of 11½ fathoms, without much difficulty.

Feb. 26.—The subject of Diving Bells was resumed; several members considered that a great improvement in their construction might be effected by the substitution of wrought for cast iron, of which material they are usually made at present. To show the security with which works may be conducted under water with proper management, it was mentioned incidentally, that the diving bell had been in everyday use at Plymouth Dockyard for the last seven years, without one instance of loss of life from accident.

On the subject of "the changes in the bed, &c. of the River Thames, since the removal of old London Bridge," some interesting facts were produced by different members; it was mentioned, that the average fall of water passing through London Bridge was formerly four feet four inches, and the extreme, five feet seven inches; that at present the average fall at the same place was only two feet four inches, and that the same causes, continuing to operate, would ultimately reduce it to a few inches.

The improvements lately attempted in the construction of boilers for locomotive engines were next considered; a member connected with the Liverpool Railway, stated that the trials with Perkins' patent circulators have not been prosecuted far enough to justify a decided opinion as to their utility, that although no saving of fuel had yet been effected through this means, it was expected the wear and tear of the boiler plates would be considerably reduced. As a remarkable fact, with regard to the wearing of copper tubes, it was stated that two different engines were fitted up with tubes, which had all been manufactured at the same time, so that there could be no difference in their construction. One of these engines had travelled about 30,000 miles without repairs, and the tubes of the other were worn out before having gone over one-fourth of that distance. Another member recommended the use of cast iron in place of copper tubes: having for some time been making use of one of Messrs. Braithwaite's engines constructed with cast iron tubes, he was convinced of their superior durability.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	Royal College of Physicians	Nine, P.M.
	Royal Geographical Society	Nine, P.M.
	Medical Society	Eight, P.M.
	Medico-Botanical Society	Eight, P.M.
TUES.	Medico-Chirurgical Society	past 8, P.M.
	Zoological Society, (Scientific)	past 8, P.M.
	Business	past 8, P.M.
	Institution of Civil Engineers	Eight, P.M.
WED.	Geological Society	past 8, P.M.
	Society of Arts	past 7, P.M.
THUR.	Royal Society	past 8, P.M.
	Society of Antiquaries	Eight, P.M.
FRID.	Royal Institution	past 8, P.M.
SAT.	Westminster Medical Society	Eight, P.M.

*Geological Society of Dublin.*—A meeting of the Society was held on the evening of Wednesday the 13th. Mr. Griffith in the chair.—When the usual formal business was transacted, the Secretary read a paper by Captain Portlock 'On the Identification of Strata.' After some general remarks upon the difficulty of identifying strata in different positions, and on the ambiguities they present, the author considered in particular those composing the chalk formation. He illustrated his remarks by the observations of M. Dufrenoy on the Southern Slope of the Pyrenees; and finally pointed out some analogous facts which had fallen under his own observation while examining the great chalk basin of the North of Ireland. Dr. Apjohn exhibited to the Society some interesting specimens of silicified wood from New South Wales. In the course of the discussion which arose concerning these and similar products, Dr. Apjohn explained the chemical conditions of their formation; and in particular stated, as the result of some experiments of his own, that silex may be held in solution even by pure water.

*University of Dublin.* March 1.—The Vice Chancellor's Prizes for compositions on 'The Advantages of the Study of Political Economy' were awarded to William Digby Sadler, A.B., and John Popham, A.B., scholar. And for compositions in Latin and Greek prose and verse, on the subject 'Druidæ,' to William Fitzgerald and — Brown.



## MUSIC

**Vocal Concerts.**—A very excellent selection, and well-executed, closed the first season of these Concerts; we may, therefore, now observe, without a wish for doing mischief, that should the Antient Concerts be remodelled on the plan we referred to some weeks since, we doubt whether the Vocal Concerts will again prove attractive unless some new feature be added to them. On the whole we have been much gratified, though somewhat disappointed, in hearing so little that was new; but what encouragement is there in writing for voices, without a complete and efficient orchestra to aid their effect? It is the combination of both in a perfect state of discipline, that would call forth the sleeping spirits of our musical geniuses, by the conviction that justice would be done to their works. The selections from Hummel, Beethoven, Haydn, and Mozart, requiring the fullest resources of a band with a powerful choir, were the least effective at these concerts. The second best feature, and by some considered the principal, has been the madrigals, and the sacred music of Gibbons, Battishill, Leo, and Clari, which latter, however, is excellently got up at the Antient Concerts, and is even sung there with greater power of voices. It is the general opinion, that there is not sufficient patronage for the continuance of both the Vocal and Antient Concerts, and we sincerely hope that the Directors of the latter will introduce that music which the Vocal Society has attempted, and thus secure to themselves the support of all parties; if, however, the Directors persist in resisting all improvements, then must the Vocal Society strengthen its band and choir, and triumph.

## THEATRICALS

## DRURY LANE.

The difficulty of hearing at the great houses has long been felt, and it has increased in proportion to the decrease in the number of actors with lungs sufficiently strong to counteract it. Both managements have done their best to diminish the difficulties attendant on seeing—for at great expense they have provided the public with a pair of Spectacles.

We are among those who would fain have seen the legitimate drama still reign paramount in its ancient halls—but since it is not to be so—since the theatrical revolution is to drive it thence and seat mountebanks upon its thrones, we must submit. We are loyal, and we have protested—but neither protest, nor entreaty, nor ridicule, has availed against the present system of puff, quackery, and gew-gaw. Fallen greatness knows how to accommodate its wants to its means. The legitimate drama has been dethroned owing to no fault of its own, and we, as its loyal subjects, shall follow it to its refuge among the Minors, wait on it with respectful attention, and hold ourselves in readiness at any moment to hurl up our caps and hail its restoration. In the meantime as journalists of passing events, we are bound to report the proceedings of the usurpers.

On Saturday last a ballet opera founded on 'Le Dieu et la Bayadère' of M. Scribe, and called 'The Maid of Cashmere' was performed here for the first time. It is quite unnecessary to enter into a history of the plot. This opera is one of those pleasant mixtures of singing, dancing, and action, for which the French stage is famous, and unquestionably it is one of the most pleasing of its class. We have seen nothing at Drury Lane this season produced altogether in so good a style. The music, if not of a very high order, is extremely agreeable, and there are some things in it, particularly the two duets between Mr. Wood and Miss Betts,

immediately following each other, which deserve a far more honourable mention than they have met with from the press generally. Mademoiselle Duvernay, by the neatness and elegance of her dancing, and by the grace and appropriateness of her melo-dramatic action in the part of *La Bayadère*, has risen fifty per cent. in the estimation of all beholders. She is interesting and charming throughout. We think her rather entitled to praise than blame, for the closeness with which she imitates the immortal Taglioni. She has, moreover, the good sense and good taste, not to attempt any thing which she cannot do, and do well; and we have thus all the benefit and none of the annoyance of an imitation.

Mr. Wood acquitted himself creditably, particularly in an introduced ballad, composed for him by Mr. Bishop. Miss Betts was, as usual, careful and attentive to her business; she always does whatever is allotted to her to the very best of her ability; and this is no mean praise. Mr. Seguin sang very well, and was especially useful in the concerted music. Mademoiselle Augusta is a pretty girl, but not much of a dancer. Mr. Gilbert has a fund of activity, and through this, frequently gets more applause than his superiors; but his dancing is altogether of a bad school. The days of great exertion are gone by for Monsieur Paul; but his style is good, and what he does is all as it should be. Mademoiselle Ancellin's dancing is not quite to our taste; but she is decidedly clever, after her own fashion. Upon the whole, this ballet opera was very well received, and deservedly so. It will no doubt prove attractive, while it continues to be represented in its present state. One cheer more for Mademoiselle Duvernay, and we have done!

Among the crowd of puff, direct, indirect, &c., and the interminable underlinings and overlinings, which crowded the Drury Lane bill of Wednesday, and rendered it a severe task to dig out the little that was to be performed on the next evening from the mass that was not, there was one article which amused us much. The management, in its uncontrollable rage for puffing, having exhausted its invention upon its own concerns, rather than not puff any more, actually underlined Mr. Kean's intended appearance at Covent Garden. We know nothing of the dispute, and can give no opinion as to who is right and who is wrong—but if this be not the *cacothès puffendi*, what is?

## COVENT GARDEN.

Mr. Kean made his first appearance, for five years, on this stage, on Thursday night, in the character of *Shylock*. No one (we beg pardon), no two can wish him better than we do—but the variations in his state of health leave us little time to wish upon the subject. He is no sooner ill than he is well again; and a report of his being seriously indisposed, seems a sure forerunner of his acting again forthwith. The papers have killed him over and over again, but to no purpose. He carries his profession into private life, and dies but to get up and walk about. Long may he continue to disappoint all gloomy anticipations, and to appear before the public, which is glad to see him whenever and wherever he comes. Closely as his recoveries have followed upon the heels of his illnesses, we have never had so curious a case as that of Thursday. Upon that evening he was acting *Shylock* at Covent Garden, at the very moment when he was dangerously ill at Drury Lane—at least, so the Drury Lane bills, which may always be depended upon, informs us. Considering that it was impossible for him to act at all, his performance was truly astonishing. If Mr. Kean has broken his engagement at Drury Lane, the management of that theatre has its remedy against him personally; but, in the

meantime, a certificate that a man can't do what he is doing, may safely be withdrawn.

A new farce, written by Mr. Poole, and called 'A Nabob for an Hour,' followed. Having been prevented from attending, we must defer a report till next week. In the meantime, it is just to say, that all the reports, which we have heard and seen, are most strongly in its favour—as well as to the writing as the acting.

## MISCELLANEA

**Abbotsford Subscription.**—We some time since announced that her Majesty the Queen of Spain had subscribed to the fund for erecting a monument to Sir Walter Scott. We are now requested to state that she has, in addition, given 20*l.* to the Abbotsford Subscription.

**The Author of the O'Hara Tales.**—It is not without regret that we again call public attention to the distressing situation of Mr. Banim and his family. From the statement of the Committee it appears that the amount at present subscribed is barely equal to the debts due in November, and that he is therefore wholly unprovided with funds to discharge such as have been subsequently and unavoidably incurred, and for the maintenance of himself and family, until his medical attendants shall permit him once again to resume his literary labours, from which the world at large have already reaped such an abundant harvest of pleasure and knowledge. We do sincerely hope, that, under these painful circumstances, every one will seriously question himself as to the possibility of his contributing something, however trifling.

**African Expedition.**—Accounts have been received by a private trader announcing the arrival of the expedition at Cape Coast Castle. There had been some sickness, but no deaths, on board. It was proposed to sail direct for the Rio Nunez about the middle of October. Mr. Lander, who was in excellent health, had engaged Pascoe and the other natives who formerly accompanied him, as well as two individuals from the Eboe country, and was very sanguine of ultimate success.

**Yriarte.**—The following is a translation from one of the best Fables of this distinguished writer. It has been sent to us by an anonymous correspondent; and though we must confess that something of the point and humour of the original is lost, it may be acceptable to English readers:

## THE ASS AND THE FLUTE.

As through a field a merry ass  
In search of thistles chanced to pass  
A shepherd's flute forgotten lay  
Direct, by chance, in Grizzle's way,  
And as again he stops to feed,  
His breath, by chance inflates the reed,  
Sudden th' unusual sound he hears,  
Astonished Grizzle pricks his ears,  
And proudly said or seemed to say:  
"Oh, oh! how well the flute I play!  
Will mortals still our music slight?  
Egad! I'll bray from morn 'till night."

## MORAL.

A fool, without a claim to wit,  
May once succeed the mark to hit;  
And should success be crowned with praise,  
Enough—the ass for ever brays.

**Bleaching Ivory.**—Antique works in ivory, that have become discoloured, may be brought to a pure whiteness by exposing them to the sun under glasses. It is the particular property of ivory to resist the action of the sun's rays when it is under a glass; but, when deprived of this protection, to become covered with a multitude of minute cracks. To bleach these pieces of ivory, it is sufficient merely to heat them gently over a charcoal fire, into which is thrown a small quantity of pulverized sulphur.—From a Memoir by Spengler, translated in the *Repert. of Pat. Inv.*

**Education in Spain.**—In the *Madrid Gazette*, of the 23rd of February, there is an article on public education, with several statistical tables, showing the number of students attending the Universities and Colleges in 1831, as well as the number of children educating at the primary schools.

The Universities are thirteen: Salamanca, Valladolid, Alcalá, Valencia, Granada, Seville, Zaragoza, Santiago, Cervera, Oviedo, Huesca, Toledo, and Oñate; and the total number of students, according to the examination tables, appears to have been—In Arts, 4,207; in Divinity, 930; in Civil Law, 3,552; in Canon Law, 546; in Medicine, 629; together 9,864.

In fifty-six seminaries or colleges, where the higher branches of education and divinity are taught, there were 6,056 general students, and 2,295 students in Divinity; together 8,351. There are, besides these, eight colleges for general education, and several others, under the superintendence of the fathers of the *Escuelas pías*. In the eight colleges for general education, there were 251 students in Arts; 502 in Latin; 683 children receiving primary education, together 1,236. In the Colleges of the *Escuelas pías*, there were 158 students in Arts; 4,831 in Latin; 10,946 children receiving primary education; together 15,935. Besides these, there are 774 Latin schools, with 26,275 pupils, 9,558 boys' schools, with 356,520, and 3,070 girls' schools, with 119,202; in all, 13,402 schools, with 501,997 children.

From these tables, we ascertain that there were in 1831 in Spain:—

Students in Arts or Philosophy, in Universities, Seminaries, and Colleges.....	10,672
— in Divinity, in Universities, Seminaries, and Colleges.....	3,225
— in Civil Law, in the Universities.....	3,552
— in Canon Law, in the Universities.....	546
— of Medicine, in the Universities.....	629
— of Latin, in Colleges and Latin Schools.....	31,409
Boys receiving primary education in Colleges or primary schools.....	368,149
Girls receiving primary education in the primary schools.....	119,202

537,383

In this summary, the students in the Medical and Surgical Colleges, are not included, nor the immense number of girls who are receiving their education in the convents.

These tables are interesting in many respects, and particularly so to us, as proving the truth of the observations contained in the Letters upon Public Instruction in Spain, which appeared in the *Athenæum* in 1831, wherein the writer spoke of the widely different facilities offered for education, in the different provinces—thus, from the tables now published, we learn that the Province of Galicia, with nearly a million and a half of inhabitants, has only 364 primary schools, with 10,919 scholars; while that of Zamora, with 150,000 inhabitants, has 515 schools, with 26,415 scholars.

**Vegetable Mould.**—The first inroads of fertility on barrenness are made by the smaller lichens, which, as Humboldt has well observed, labour to decompose the scorified matter of volcanoes, and the smooth and naked surfaces of sea-deserted rocks, and thus to "extend the dominion of vitality." These little plants will often obtain a footing where nothing else could be attached. So small are many that they are invisible to the naked eye, and the decay of these, when they have flourished and passed through their transient epochs of existence, is destined to form the first exuvial layer of vegetable mould; the successive generations give successive increments to that soil from which men are to reap their harvests, and cattle to derive their food; from which forests are designed to spring,

and from which future navies are to be supplied. But how is this frail dust to maintain its station on the smooth and polished rock, when vitality has ceased to exert its influence, and the structure which fixed it has decayed? This is the point which has been too generally overlooked, and which is the most wonderful provision of all: the plant, when dying, digs for itself a grave, sculptures in the solid rock a sepulchre in which its dust may rest. For chemistry informs us that not only do these lichens consist in part of gummy matter, which causes their particles to stick together, but that they likewise form, when living, a considerable quantity of oxalic acid, which acid, when by their decay set free, acts upon the rock, and thus is a hollow formed in which the dead matter of the lichen is deposited. Furthermore, the acid, by combining with the limestone or other material of the rock, will often produce an important ingredient in the vegetable mould; and not only this, the moisture thus conveyed into the cracks and crevices of rocks and stones, when frozeth, rends them, and, by continual degradation, adds more and more to the forming soil. Successive generations of these plants successively perform their duties, and at length the barren breakers, or the pumice plains of a volcano, become converted into fruitful fields.—*Professor Burnett's Lecture.*

**Forks.**—Table forks are generally understood not to have been in use in England, before the reign of James the First, and the well known passage in *Coryat*, is a proof that they were then hardly known. Yet in an inventory of things belonging to Edward the First, lately discovered, among articles of domestic use, there named, are plates or dishes (*discus*), saltcellars (*salsarius*), spoons (*coctearia*), saucers or platters (*scutellas*), **FORKS** (*furchettum*), knives (*cultellus*), &c.

**The Trials of Women.**—Alas! how little do we appreciate the courage of our fathers, and the fortitude of our mothers, at the soul-trying period of our revolution. In all scenes of public distress, woman is compelled to make exertions, not the less painful, or the less difficult, because they are not performed on the public theatre of a sympathising world. To fasten the knapsack round a father's neck, to fill the cartridges of a beloved husband, and see him go forth to battle, when his little ones are crying for bread, and his desolate home is left at the mercy of the ravager; to have none left to dig the grave of an only son, and to consign him to the cold, damp earth, wept over only by the aged and the helpless, require no ordinary effort of human strength. Yet such were but every-day scenes, during our desperate struggle for independence.

—*The Mother's Story Book.*

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of W. & Mon.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Baromet. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 14	44 25	29.07	S.E.	Cloudy.
Fr. 15	53 32	29.05	S.E.	Clear.
Sat. 16	55 35	29.05	N.E.	Ditto.
Sun. 17	46 37	29.10	E.	Rain.
Mon. 18	44 35	29.20	N.E.	Rain, A.M.
Tues. 19	46 25	29.00	N.E.	Cloudy.
Wed. 20	46 31	29.90	N.W.	Clear.

**Prevailing Clouds.**—Cumulostratus, Cirrostratus. Mean temperature of the week, 40°. Greatest variation, 30°.

Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.4352. Day increased on Wednesday, (Equinox,) 4h. 14 min.

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

**Cyclopaen, or Pelagic Remains in Greece and Italy, with Constructions of a later Epoch; from Drawings by Edward Dodwell, F.R.S.**

Mr. Nugent Taylor's "Santa Maura" is forthcoming. **Bibliotheca Classica; or a new Classical Dictionary, by John Dymock, LL.D., and Thomas Dymock, M.A.** An Historical Sketch of the Princes of India, prefaced by a Sketch of the origin and progress of British power in India, by an Officer in the service of the Company.

**Waltzburgh, a Tale of the Sixteenth Century.**

**The Tyrol, by the Author of 'Spain in 1830.'**

**A Compendious History of Modern Wines, together with Directions for Cellaring, &c.**

**Travelling Observations on the United States and Canada in 1832, by the Rev. Isaac Fidler.**

**A Series of Geographical Tables, designed for Youth, by the Rev. E. Miller, A.M.**

**Poor Laws and Paupers Illustrated; No. I., The Parish, a Tale, by Harriet Martineau.**

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No. 2

of This Journal and a war

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